

THE MONTH

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



NO. 494 (NEW SERIES 104) AUG., 1905

CONTENTS

RED MAGIC.....	<i>By Jan de Geollac</i>	113
THE PROBLEM OF THE CATHOLIC TEXT-BOOK FOR ENGLISH HISTORY.....	<i>By the Rev. J. H. Pollen</i>	124
LIFE OF ST. PATRICK AND HIS PLACE IN HISTORY.....	<i>By J. S. Shepard</i>	129
A WONDERFUL LAND.....	<i>By the Rev. D. Gath Whitley</i>	139
FOOTPRINTS IN MY LIFE. I.....	<i>By the late F. B. Lord</i>	152
SOME CHURCHES OF ST. PETERSBURG.....	<i>By T. Percy Armstrong</i>	167
THE CATHOLIC GUARDIANS' CONFERENCE.....	<i>By John W. Gilbert</i>	176
HONOUR'S GLASSY BUBBLE. A Story of three Generations and several Nationalities. Book III. Chapters IV.—VI.....	<i>By E. Gerard</i> (Author of "A Secret Mission," "The Extirmination of Love," &c., &c.)	187
FLOTSAM AND JETSAM "Obligatio ad Peccatum."		207
REVIEWS		213
LITERARY RECORD		223

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO
LONDON & ONE SHILLING



**MAKES THE BATH
LUXURIOUS.**

**MAKES THE HOUSE
CLEAN.**

For your bath ; for your clothes ; for your curtains ; for your
carpets ; for a great many more things at your address.

REP^d PINT HALF THE PRICE AND REP^d QUART
6^d DOUBLE THE STRENGTH OF 10^{1d}₂

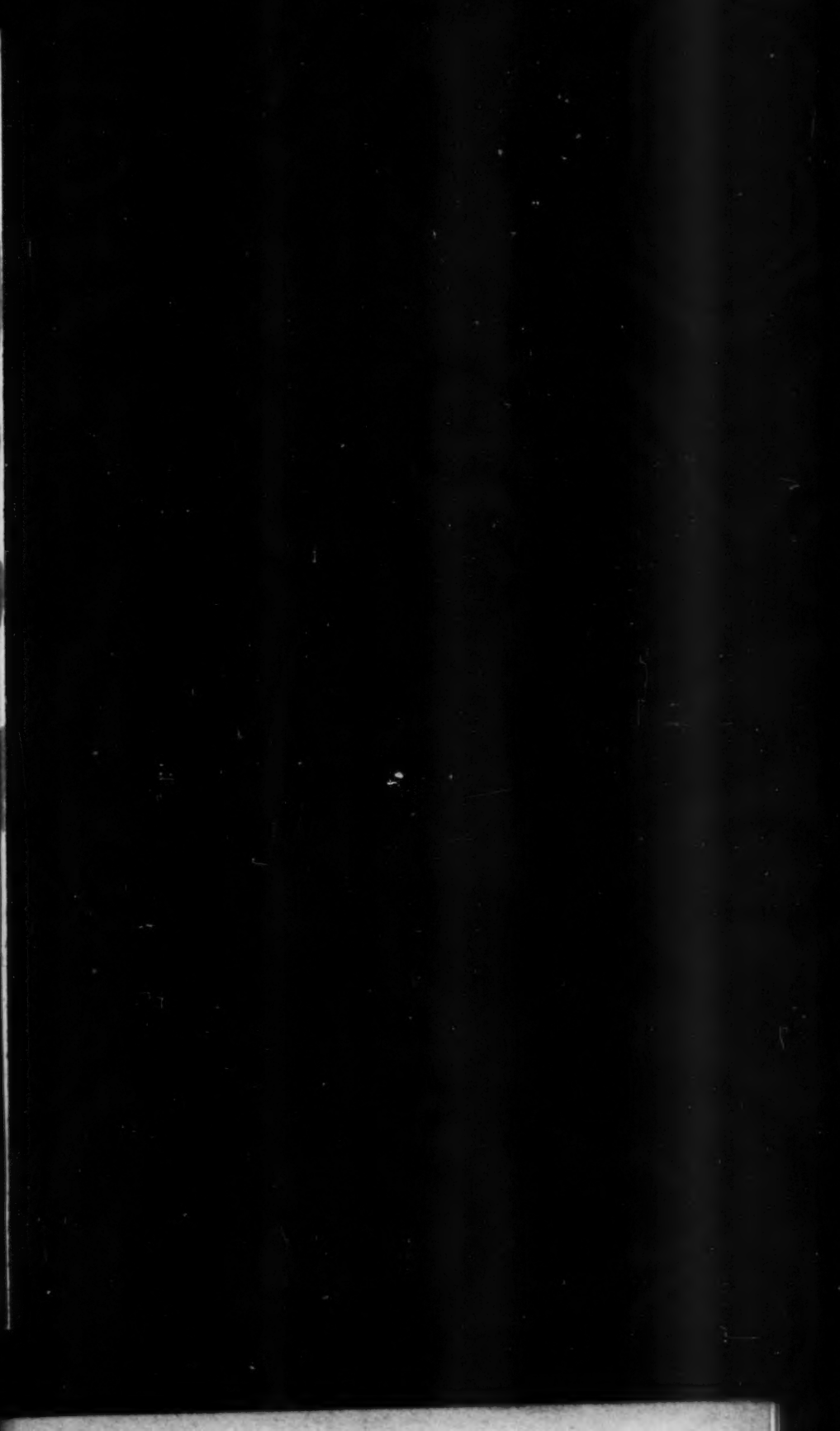
Ordinary Household or Cloudy Ammonia.

Ammonia is a spirit, therefore should be clear, just as whisky, or
gin, or brandy should be clear. Cloudy ammonia is to be avoided
just as much as cloudy whisky, cloudy gin, or cloudy brandy.
You wouldn't have the latter, you shouldn't have the former - -

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining, on receipt of Post-Card we will forward name
and address of nearest dealer. Sample sent on receipt of three penny stamps.

CLARKE'S, 360, OLD KENT ROAD, S.E.

[In writing to Advertisers please mention The Month.



Red Magic.

Δίψα αὖτος ἐγὼ καὶ ἀπόλλυμαι. Ἄλλὰ πίε μουν.

I am parched with thirst and I perish. Nay, drink of Me.

From a Cretan Orphic tablet.

In the intense heat of this afternoon an absolute silence held the valley. Valerius had climbed the uplands which formed its northern wall, and which dipped abruptly, about a league to the west, near Aquæ Sextiæ.¹ The valley, broad here and cultivated, went narrowing eastwards, till it passed between the huge grey crag, towering a thousand feet sheer into air, which should be known, some day, as the Mont Sainte-Victoire, and the square bluff in which the low hills on the further side of the valley terminated; the Mont du Cengle, with its curious band of pale rock between dark pine-woods above and below. All around lay the sun-bleached stretches of Provence, but here the fields were green enough, with the glaring white road from Fréjus to Aix built masterfully across them, edged, for the most part, with planes and poplars. Up the lower slopes the little vines luxuriated; and olives, almonds, and fig-trees clothed the terraces of red earth with a hundred shades of green: still, even here, grey boulders protruded obstinately from the soil, and, as the hill-side steepened, only the pines and glossy holm-oak would grow among the rocks; here and there, a clump of olives floated like a grey-green mist against the dark. In the extraordinarily rapid Romanization of the province, villas and country-houses had sprung up on all sides, and their brilliant washes of colour and staring pigeon-cotes made bright patches under the sky of insolent blue, in which the sun blazed irresistibly. Where the hills parted you could catch a glimpse of the grey range of mountains reaching out westwards towards Marseilles, no more than a day's march distant, and fencing off

¹ Aix-en-Provence.

Provence from a sea whose incredible azure made the sky itself seem colourless.

And this immense scene was absolutely still. Lower down, no doubt, the crickets were chirping noisily, and among the white stones of the torrent-bed you could catch glints of water ; but there was no sound and no motion. The keen, wholesome scent of broken rosemary, and thyme, and wild lavender rose all about the boy as he lay there under his rock ; a curiously virile scent, in keeping with the dry little flowers, mauve, and yellow, and pink, that stood up sturdily among the scorched and brittle turf ; in keeping, too, with the brown, vigorous youth of the lad, whose eyes were, for all that, full of dreams as he drank in the secrets of the afternoon, so silent, and yet so replete with hot life. With some disgust he compared this clean fragrance, which he loved, with the sickly-sweet perfume of the incense of which he must smell so much at the great religious ceremony to which his father meant to take him to-morrow at Aix. For a rich merchant of the neighbourhood was to offer a grand expiatory sacrifice for the purification of the town and for the health of the Emperor Antoninus Pius, and also (though he was not explicit here) for his own glorification in the eyes of the mob, to whom such a function furnished a holiday and occasion for emotions varied and unusual. It was called the Taurobolium and Valerius' father was bound to attend it. He came of a Provençal family, distinguished even before it had received the Roman franchise from the general Valerius, two centuries ago, and he was one of the decurions of the town, and his brother a duumvir. All the magistrates and religious colleges were to attend the sacrifice in state, and Valerius was to go with his father.

Many a time had the boy felt, and strongly, the universal sense of human faultiness, inadequacy, helplessness to right the wrong, which had prompted these appeals to a divine corrective. Not least did he feel it to-day, as he gazed with intense dissatisfaction at the wonderful view. After all, what was most *real* there, was the life of the men who tilled those terraced hill-sides, and built those pigeon-towers. And men's souls, he reflected, were not beautiful. That was a first and fundamental incongruity. But even the material aspect of things had its manifold flaws. Not a flower, not a leaf, that was quite perfect ; the soil lay but thin above barren rocks ; for the growth of crops other growths must be destroyed ; the scene was full of things broken,

or spoilt, or (and this struck him as infinitely dreadful) used, and then cast away as done with.

He rose, and went down through the wood to the country-house perched hard by on a platform of the hill. As he moved, his sandals snapped innumerable pine-needles, which sent up a hot and fragrant dust; between the dusky boles he could catch the brilliant gleam of white sand, strewn upon an alley leading towards a fountain which was shooting up its fine thread of water. On its further side, with the valley grey between them, stood a fence of cypress-trees, black-green, in and out of which, he knew, huge brown butterflies were floating lazily. But dearly as he loved each least feature of this his country home, in his present mood it was a pain and a scandal to him that for all the fountain's silver thread, the country-side was perishing for lack of water; that of the roses, a pink tangle between the cypresses, one half should already be overblown and falling; above all, that the men who lived in these bitter-sweet surroundings should be so wholly out of touch with them; so passionate after pleasures ludicrously inadequate as a substitute for happiness; so fretful over pains largely of their own making. "There is pain enough, here," he mused, "and pleasure too: are we mad, that we will not rest content with these? And is it possible that by prayer or sacrifice we shall so be purified as to knit up once more the old bond between ourselves and nature?"

Strangely enough, Valerius had formulated in his thought the very instinct which, in ages gone for ever, appears to have driven men to the rite of sacrifice; sacrifice, which, having begun in blood, was now, it would seem, all over the civilized world returning to bloody rites once more. For, after all, Valerius was feeling that the great current of joyful life, which should have flowed so strongly, yet so evenly throughout Nature, here so beautiful, was in reality moving in an intermittent and difficult process: there was a weakness and sickness at the very heart of things. And his half-savage ancestors, when in some vague way the like feeling came upon them—and the sight of failing crops, or childless homes, or sickness in their tribe, would suffice to engender the sensation—had yearned like him for some rehabilitation of the old vitality, and (in uncouth and barbarous wise) would manifest their desire by slaying some living thing held specially sacred to their clan,—one with themselves and their god, they deemed it—and devouring its flesh and blood

before the "life" had left it. Instances of this earliest mode of sacrifice have been collected in a well-known work on the Semitic Religions,¹ and we realize that its essence consisted precisely in this, that by participation in the "living" blood of the sacrifice the life of man himself was renewed.

So wide is the gulf between Semitic and Greek worships that to find the same idea recurring in the Orphic rite of the *Omophagia*,² only proves how universal was this craving for a life-renewal to be effected by way of a "sacramental" meal. For here, too, an integral part of initiation was the devouring of raw bull's flesh and the drinking of its blood. Now this bull represented—nay, to the initiates actually *was*—Dionysus, with whom they became incorporate, and Christian Fathers, in passionate invective, rail at a ritual, which, to them, seemed a diabolical travesty of the Divine mysteries.³

To Valerius, it was this revival of a flagging life that seemed so all-important, and with the ideas of actual expiation of sin and of the necessity of the application of a cleansing blood he was far less in sympathy. Both these ideas were prominent in the ceremony he was to witness to-morrow, and he shrank from it not a little. For, indeed, as civilization advanced, the older theory of sacrifice (if what we have stated of it be correct), changed in an important point. Perhaps it was that men grew disgusted at the idea of a meal of raw flesh and blood; perhaps, as the idea of property developed, the victim came to be regarded no longer as a means of attaining to a renewal of the divine life of the tribe, but as a substitute which might be slain in place of the guilty individual or community. Certainly the time came when the *shedding* of the blood, and not its *application*, became the important feature of the rite of purification. Valerius knew that at Marseilles, hard by, a human victim would be chosen if ever the city were visited by the plague, would be led round the city to gather into himself whatever evil might be lurking there, and would finally be driven outside the walls, and there executed, leaving the city purified from all taint. Almost every city of the ancient world celebrated this "expulsion" of evil in some form or other at stated intervals; so strong was the belief

¹ Professor Robertson-Smith, *Religion of the Semites*. See especially p. 338 for a particularly hideous and illuminative instance of this mode of "life-renewal."

² Harrison, *Prolegomena to Greek Religion*, pp. 483-492.

³ "With gory mouths ye rend asunder the flesh of goats that bleat for mercy, to show us that 'tis with God's majesty and divinity that ye are filled." (*Arnob.* v. 19.)

in the fact of evil, and in the possibility and obligation of its ejection.¹

And for one people, this so prevalent custom, with many more of blood-shedding and sprinkling, was caught up into the sphere of Divine ordinance, and we have the sombre and pathetic figure of the Jewish scape-goat.

And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions, even all their sins; and he shall put them on the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a man that is in readiness into the wilderness; and the goat shall bear on him all their iniquities into a solitary land.²

With days of decadence, men became, not less superstitious, indeed, but less self-sacrificing; then arose an order of priests of whom all that, rightly and wrongly, has been said of the "hawkers of Indulgences" may well be repeated: for Plato has said it before us.

And there are quacks and soothsayers who flock to the rich man's doors, and try to persuade him that they have a power at command, which they procure from heaven, and which enables them, by sacrifices and incantations performed amid feasting and indulgence, to make amends for any crime committed either by the individual himself or by his ancestors; and that should he desire to do a mischief to anyone, it may be done at a trifling expense . . . persuading not individuals merely, but whole cities also, that men may be absolved and purified from crimes, both while they are still alive, and even after their decease, by means of certain sacrifices and pleasurable amusements which they call Mysteries; which deliver us from the torments of the other world, while the neglect of them is punished by an awful doom.³

Thus did Greek "priestcraft" keep its hold on a frightened yet restive people.

Still, following the law which forces the over-refined type to revert to the coarsest of its earlier characteristics, first Greece, and then Rome, returned to the old passion for blood; Rome more than Greece, in proportion as the Greek worship of Beauty had not entered into the original Roman tempera-

¹ See Dr. Frazer, *Golden Bough*, ii. 329, &c. At Athens and Rhodes condemned criminals, stupefied with drugs, were thus yearly slain: elsewhere, animals, or even puppets, would be the victims; or the particular form of evil to be expelled would be specified, Famine, or Old Age, or the Old Year, being represented by the expiatory victim.

² Lev. xvi.

³ Plat., *Rep.* 364.

ment. And it is heart-breaking to watch the splendid promise of the old Roman religion, sober, pious, almost timidly scrupulous, succumbing first to the more degraded features in the Greek beauty cult, and then to the bloody rituals of Asiatic worship. Abandoned were the old-fashioned rites of purification, descended from the wholesome religion of a pastoral and agricultural folk. February,¹ the month of expiation, was soon but a name. People turned first to the vulgar superstitions of the Jews; later, as emotionalism triumphed, to the highly-coloured purifications of the East, with their wild alternations of penance and sensuality; to the dark-capped priests of Bellona, catching in shields the blood that spurted from their gashed arms, drinking it, and dashing it over their votaries; to the priests of Cybele, scourging their shoulders with lashes set with jagged bones; of all which Apuleius gives us hideous pictures. Most popular of all, perhaps, from the second century onwards, was the Taurobolium.² The worshipper was drenched in bull's blood, and emerged from his dreadful bath, *renatus in aeternum*—"regenerate for eternity," as many inscriptions tell us—a phrase quite possibly adopted, defiantly, from the Christians, in whom the ceremonial, with its many approximations to Christian phraseology and doctrines of baptism and remission of sins, excited an unusually lively abhorrence. Prudentius³ details its ritual. Firmicus Maternus⁴ cries out: "'Tis pollution, that blood, not redemption! And in manifold wise it drags men down to death." Tertullian, in an interesting chapter, exclaims:

The very matter of the sacraments, too, the devil, in idols' mysteries, doth imitate. There are those whom he too dippeth, his own believers, assuredly, and his faithful; and from their bath he promises remission of their sins.⁵

Certainly, in its journey from East to West, the ceremony had changed in tone. Originally the worshipper "offered" the

¹ Ovid, *Fasti*, ii. 19, &c., tells us that in the old days, all things that served as vehicles for ceremonial purification were called *februa*—pine-twigs, wool, grain salted and roasted, for instance: though the bleeding head and tail of the "October Horse" is enough to show us that the old savagery was not absent.

² *Tauropolium* it had originally been called, and was probably an immigrant from the Northern East, the home of the bloody rites of Artemis Tauropolus, with whom its original patron, Anaitis, had been identified.

³ Prud., *Perist.* x. 1011.

⁴ Firm. Mat., *De Err. Prof. Relig.*, 28.

⁵ Tert., *De Præscript. Haer.* 40.

blood: now, he "received" it; and, with it, purification for life, or for a period of twenty years. By way of South Italy, the worship reached France, and there most of all became official and famous. And to this it was that Valerius started on the hot morning of the following day.

The two sturdy Gallic cobs drew the cumbrous travelling-carriage rapidly towards Aix. The road, after a time, became enclosed between high garden-walls, over which hung foliage grey with dust. On the white plaster children had drawn rude pictures, and religious or commercial guilds exhorted their members to vote for a particular candidate. And among lewd and scurrilous jests some Virgil-lover had scrawled up an exquisite line from his favourite poet. But as they approached the town, the gardens dwindled, and at a turn in the road the walls and roofs of Aix at last became visible—brick walls, tiled roofs, baked through and through by the relentless sun, and scorched to a uniform russet colour. The brilliantly-stuccoed villas of the country had ceded to gloomy town-houses, huddled closely together, with blank, almost windowless walls, and tinted, where a rare plaster sheathed the brick, with faded frescoes scaling off in the heat, and which no one cared to re-touch.

They drove straight to the house of Valerius the duumvir, and after a delicately-prepared meal, which the boy, however, could scarcely touch on this sultry day, they went off again through the streets, past the medicinal baths which had given the town its name, and into the vast field where its fairs are still held. The crowd by this time was immense. Neighbouring villages had poured in to witness the pageant and to share in the expiation of its sacrifice. From his high seat among the white-robed dignitaries, Valerius could watch the people at his ease. Ropes kept a path clear from the town temple of the Great Mother to a wide space in the midst of which rose a huge platform. Facing the path, an approach of sloping boards led to its summit; at one side was a little door. The whole was garlanded with roses, looped gracefully between the skulls of oxen fixed at intervals round the coping. Lifted as he was in the decurions' stand, Valerius could see that the centre of the platform was pierced with holes, like a coarse-meshed sieve.

He looked round at the crowd with distaste, noting regretfully, and not for the first time, how these compatriots of his ran to extremes of bulk and leanness; mostly were the men lean,

wiry of build, and with excited eyes: the women, perspiring profusely in the intense heat, with their bold colour, their high-piled black hair, were to him an unlovely spectacle. Also this sordid folk had brought its food with it, and innumerable braziers sent up a quivering, violet-coloured steam, from which the acrid reek of garlic and oily soups reached the boy. And round the tepid fat, where it had boiled over, clouds of insects buzzed. Totally regardless of the whimpering of the children, whom they held gripped by the wrists, the women chattered incessantly, with a shrill, nasal mispronunciation of their Latin; their metal ornaments rattled and flashed as with head and hand they pointed their discourse, and over it all rose the sharp cries of the little Provençal boys, darting like quicksilver in and out of the crowd, and the raucous notes of the vendors of cold water and the greasy pastry peculiar to that place. On the extreme fringe of the mob, Greek and Syrian fortune-tellers and conjurors kept up a bewildering hubbub of voice and motion.

Suddenly the heads all turned excitedly one way, towards the city; and the rhythmic beating of drums and the clashing of cymbals was heard as the procession turned a corner. The musicians advanced first, leaping wildly, tossing hair that dripped with unguents. Their faces were daubed with white and red paint, through which the sweat furrowed its way. Then followed a band of priests, in white robes striped with lilac, saffron-shod, with brilliant pointed caps knotted under their chins. They led a richly-caparisoned mule, on which was a small shrine with crimson silk curtains. These, as they floated this way and that, disclosed an image of gilded wood, seated on a throne borne up by lions, and crowned with a tower. To right and left, as they languidly advanced, the priests thrust out baskets, fixed to long poles; and money and provisions rained into them; they refrained, however, from the habitual scourging of their arms and shoulders, for the people were already in a frenzy of emotion, and the only blood to flow to-day was that of the four great bulls, almost hidden beneath their tinsel and roses, which followed the image. "O great mother! O mighty mother!" moaned the crowd, as it passed them swaying on its unsteady supports. "O Cybele, hear us, be propitious to us, mighty mother." Each time the curtain swung back, and the image was seen, the crowd heaved towards it, howling and praying. The *Archi-Gallus*, or high-priest of Cybele, whose

"vaticination" had revealed the goddess' demand for this sacrifice, followed the bulls. He was crowned with laurel leaves, and was leading the great merchant prince, his wife, and his two sons, who were to "receive the taurobolium."

Arrived at the foot of the platform, the bulls were blind-folded, and led up to the sieve-like disc and placed upon it. Each new incident was greeted with a gasp of satisfied expectancy by the crowd, now trembling with feverish devotion; and when the Archi-Gallus delivered an impassioned address, convicting the city of sin which blood alone could expiate, they were lashed to literal hysteria, and sobs and groans broke out on all sides. Valerius himself, in a sudden nervous access, yielded to the imperative emotion of the crowd and burst into tears. Painfully, as in a nightmare, he watched the destined four pass through the little door and stand beneath the perforated roof: watched the priests raise simultaneously their triangular knives, and slice them through the great veins in the bulls' throats. The blood spouted furiously out, drenching the floor, pouring violently through the holes on to the votaries beneath. Through apertures in the side of the platform the frantic crowd could see the three men and the woman soaking themselves in the crimson stream, flinging themselves on back and side and face, kneading the blood into ears and eyes, hair and beard, mouthing and swallowing it. At last, when the carcasses lay bloodless and still, the four came out, "regenerate for eternity," "hideous to behold." Howling like wolves, the mob flung themselves upon them, kissing their feet, sucking at their garments, grovelling in the red tracks which they had left behind them, that they might themselves obtain were it only a smudge of the purifying blood. *Polluit sanguis iste, non redimit!*—"Pollution, not redemption!" cried the Christian Father. But for these people, it was an eternal regeneration.

Beneath the sun, veiled now in sultry mist, the procession formed again; taking its way this time to a stone or altar newly erected in honour of the feast, and decorated with skulls and roses. Some of the bulls' flesh had been set aside, and was now carried on a large golden dish, sweltering in blood that clotted quickly in the heat, cracked, and flew away in brown flakes. Then the procession returned, the consecrated four still in it, caked and crusted with gore which matted their hair and distended their eyelids. And the crowd, jubilant in its new-found purity, drunk long ago with heat and wine and blood,

streamed towards the stalls and stages of the fair: and everywhere the courtesans, in their huge flaxen wigs, moved towards their line of booths, and stood there waiting, each beside her flapping curtain.

A wave of almost physical revolt swept over Valerius. Coupled to the ever-increasing oppressiveness of the weather, now definitely thunderous, the scene, which stirred in his father only the vague dislike felt by a well-bred man for the crowd, made him sick and faint. Weak already from lack of food, he rejected the supper which his uncle offered him, and was glad that an early return to the country was decided on in view of the gathering storm. Still, evening was drawing in as they trotted off into the gloomy east.

At first the country was astonishingly still. Of its greys and greens and reds, only the greys remained: yet for all that, the crimson colouring of the day danced fitfully before the boy's eyes, and in his ears still rang the shrieks to the Great Mother. He longed for the thunder, if only as a passionate protest against the exhibition of savage perversity which he had witnessed, the great purification which had culminated in a debauch. And indeed the wind soon rose and blew violently, without, for all that, appearing to cool the air. It shrieked among the tops of the poplars, which still caught the fallow lights of the west, and made a ragged, flapping line of pallor against the slate-coloured clouds and mountains which closed in the valley. The slender trees dipped, and then righted themselves, creaking uneasily: on either side quivering olives made patches of ghost-grey upon the dark: little eddies of dust formed and careered along the road.

At last huge drops began to fall; slowly, at first: but just as the carriage rolled beneath the stuccoed gateway at the bottom of the estate, with its meretricious statues in exaggerated attitudes and draperies, the storm burst with a crash. Torrential rain blotted out the landscape. The horses tore up the steep path, and swinging round once more, drew up on the platform where the house stood. Valerius sprang out, and, pleading fatigue, went straight to his room. Exhausted by the varied emotions of the day, he flung himself on his bed and sank into a heavy sleep.

About three hours later he awoke. The storm had crashed itself out, and the rain was over. A marvellous freshness found its way into the little whitewashed, red-tiled room. He rose and

opened the shutter. The ground fell sharply away on that side of the house, and he could see far down the valley to right and left. Over yonder lay Aix ; asleep now. On the other side the huge grey crag of the Mont Sainte-Victoire floated phantom-like and unsubstantial in the moonlight. Below him, where the road gleamed, the poplars were standing perfectly still, and the scent of their leaves mingled with that of the drenched mould and fields, and filled the night with sweetness. Earth's great purification was accomplished.

Valerius drew deep breaths of this cleansed air, and realized that all physical as was the change in nature and himself, there was somewhat in it for his soul, too. And first, as he looked out into the limpid blues and greys of the night, he felt that behind it all was a Purity which had not been refused to inanimate nature, and must surely come, some day, to himself. And possibly, as the austerity of the silent scene made itself felt across its beauty, he guessed that it might only be through storm and blood that the great expiation should be effected. Certainly there were living near him those for whom that hope was now numbered among things of faith, and who looked back through not quite two centuries to a scene dreadful and dark, which yet held the secret of their present joyous purity. Valerius knew nothing of these men "regenerate for eternity," but their influences were all about him, and towards them he and his world were infallibly moving.

He sighed contentedly, and went back to his bed.

JAN DE GEOLLAC.

The Problem of the Catholic Text-book for English History.

THE difficulties of Catholic students competing with non-Catholics in examinations set by non-Catholics have always been severely felt, and in no subject more than in that of history, in which we necessarily take views of our own. It is true that this necessity is now admitted by Protestants, that examiners are at present almost always careful to avoid controversial topics, and that Protestant school-books are usually temperate in their treatment of them. But even so the difficulty is far from solved.

In the first place our non-Catholic contemporaries are insufficiently acquainted with our lines of thought. They often do not know that there are two views of this or that subject, and that we take a position different from theirs. *Controversial matters are therefore often proposed through inadvertence.*

In the second place we cannot avoid making much use of Protestant hand-books, in which Protestant views are taught, though perhaps this is done with as much moderation as could be expected. It is true that Mr. Wyatt Davies's *History of England for Catholic Schools* is excellently adapted for usual teaching purposes, and that we have a considerable number of other hand-books which are distinctly above the average. It is not at all necessary to rely entirely on non-Catholic manuals. But on the other hand, we are distinctly behindhand in advanced histories, in reference-books, in works treating of particular periods, persons, measures. For examinations in which attention has to be focussed on these special subjects, it is necessary that the scholars should at least have access in some reference library to Protestant books, in which distinctly Protestant views are maintained.

More important still, our teachers have to use advanced manuals, written by Protestants, in order to acquire that further knowledge which is indispensable for them. The historical difficulties they may find in them, they have no means of

solving *historically*. They will of course be able to avoid these moot points in school-time, and they will know well enough that there is a solution to be found somewhere. But after all, these are miserable alternatives, and we ought not to contemplate with equanimity the unfortunate position in which we now stand.

The remedy does not seem to be easy. To judge from our *very* slow rate of progress in providing hand-books of Catholic Theology, of Scripture, of Church History, we may well say that the practical difficulties are very great. Still there is certainly no intrinsic impossibility in the task. We have the means and the men. If a scheme of co-operation suitable to the occasion could be elaborated and accepted, much could be done. Under these circumstances, to ventilate the idea, to discuss the possibility, may prove a useful preliminary, and the following paragraphs are offered as subjects for further discussion.

First, then, let us suppose that our editor has been found, that he has communicated with some score or so of scholars, and put forth a tentative list of topics, of which more below. These suppositions, of course, involve the greatest difficulty of all, and a discussion of ways and means would not for the moment be a very practical proceeding. So, for argument's sake, we will assume that the right men have been secured. We are also presuming that co-operation is necessary. It has, in fact, been found so by Protestants.

(1) This presumed, the first point our editor and his staff would proceed to discuss would be the *nature of the books* they meant to bring forward.

Some people might advocate a work on the lines of Mr. Traill's *Social England*. This is an ample hand-book on the history of English Society in most of its important branches. The contributors take up the subject one from another, and aim at producing a more or less continuous story, which can be read or taught consecutively. But if, as has been contended above, we are practically tied to Protestant hand-books, and if the chief difficulties in the school-room and study arise from the inevitable short-comings of these said hand-books, then a dictionary form would surely be preferable. A title ought to suggest a good deal about the nature of the contents, so one might propose the following title to our ideal work: *A Dictionary of English History, supplementary to the ordinary text-books, and adapted to the use of Catholic teachers and advanced students.*

(2) A further point they might agree upon would be that the history should *not* be a *Church History*, but *political, historical, literary*, in which, however, place should be found for Church topics of greater interest. *Antiquities* and *controversy*¹ should be excluded.

(3) Another point which would need elucidation would be this. What previous information is to be presumed? What standard of scholarship should be aimed at, and what measure of completeness? Are we to confine ourselves to the probable requirements of those studying for matriculation at a University, or should one consider the needs of those who are working for a degree in history?

The higher standard should, no doubt, be aimed at. Our very hypothesis is that something must be done for our more advanced students. So we might suggest the *Dictionary of National Biography*, as offering the level to which we should keep in regard to fulness of references, clearness of bibliographic information, &c. The articles in Low and Pulling's *Dictionary of English History*, though excellent, would perhaps not be quite full enough to take as a standard. References should always be added to Catholic authors (even though somewhat old-fashioned) who have treated the subjects under discussion, e.g., Lingard or Bridgett, or *The Dublin Review*, *The Rambler*, *THE MONTH*, &c. These further indications would be of the greatest value for illustrative matter.

(4) The following is a list of topics which might do to begin with. As at present stated the headings somewhat overlap one another, but this would be eliminated as the scheme was worked out.

BIOGRAPHIES.

The English Saints: SS. Augustine, Bede, Anselm, Thomas Becket, Hugh of Lincoln, &c. [It would probably be wise to include notices of all the English Saints.]

English Catholic Statesmen: Lanfranc, Langton, Wolsey, Pole, Gardiner, Allen, Persons, Howard, &c.

Catholic Writers, Scholars, Reformers: Grosseteste, William of Wickham, Chaucer, Piers Ploughman, Colet, Caxton, Linacre, &c. [Erasmus should be included, and also such topics as the chance of Shakespeare having been a Catholic.] Southwell, Dryden, Pope, &c.

¹ It might, however, be contended that some controversies were very useful in throwing light upon history. The controversy on Anglican Orders, for instance, has led to the publication of many documents of value and to discussions of considerable importance. It might eventually be found well to give the *bibliography* of a few of these controversies in an Appendix.

Chief heretics, persecutors, enemies of the Church: Pelagius, Wycliff, The Lollards, Thomas Cromwell, Lord Burghley, Walsingham, Topcliffe, Robert Cecil, Oliver Cromwell, Shaftesbury.

SUBJECTS [in chronological sequence].

The British Church before St. Augustine.

The Crusades, the Templars and their suppression.

Peter's Pence, Annates, Papal taxation, Papal benefices, &c.

Investiture, Mortmain, Premunire, &c.

Duelling, Trial by Ordeal, Serfdom, &c.

Penitential Systems [Including Inquisition, Burning heretics, &c.].

Pilgrimages, Sanctuary.

Codes of Church Law, Constitutions of Clarendon.

Mediæval Church Constitution, Sarum Rite.

Monks, friars, hermits, guilds.

Mediæval Schools and Universities, "Dark Ages."

Was the Church *corrupt* before the Reformation?

The Renaissance, Revival of learning.

The Divorce of Henry VIII.

The Separation from Rome, Legislation, &c.

English Martyrs under Henry VIII.

Mary Tudor, Pole, Bonner.

Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*.

Settlement of Religion by Elizabeth.

English Martyrs under Elizabeth and successors.

Plots against Elizabeth.

Loyalty of Catholics to Elizabeth and Stuarts, during Armada, during Civil War, &c.

Mary Stuart.

Philip of Spain.

Seminaries of Douay, Rome, Spain, St. Omer, &c.

Powder Plot, Father Garnet, &c.

The Foundation Movement, Benedictines, Franciscans, Mary Ward, various convents (1618—1638).

Catholic Church government during Persecution, Archpriest, Vicars Apostolic, Chalcedon controversy, Dean and Chapter, numbers of Catholics.

Henrietta Maria.

Charles II.

Oates's Plot.

James II., Father Petre, &c.

The Revolution.

Lord George Gordon Riots.
Catholic Emancipation.

The Oxford Movement.
The Catholic Hierarchy.

An Ample Index of persons and subjects, with a list of the full titles and chief editions of such ordinary Books, as those of Lingard, Bellesheim, Stevenson, Morris, Miss Drane, Butler, &c., and Periodicals, *Dublin Review*, *Rambler*, *THE MONTH*, *Tablet*, *Downside Review*, &c.

The editor would, of course, have to see that the subjects were treated on a more or less uniform scale, without overlapping, and yet with some completeness. It would not do, for instance, to have an article on Lord Burghley, which should exhaust Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, and the English Martyrs; nor yet should it describe the old statesman's anti-Catholic policy so curtly, as to tell nothing of the rest of his life, nothing about his connection with the events of his day. These should be indicated briefly by reference to other works. Chronology, the most concentrated form of history, should be carefully registered. Received opinions should be set forth rather than new and revolutionary views. These are not what one ordinarily expects in works of reference.

Catholic post-Reformation events should be described with somewhat greater fulness of circumstance than will be necessary for pre-Reformation subjects. To the latter Protestant writers generally give attention and do justice more readily than to the former.

Suppose the work finished, would it justify itself by finding a market? That is an anxious subject for the Catholic publicist,—for undoubtedly our public is very remiss in buying *good* books, and is if anything growing worse. Still, the chances in its favour are considerable. The need is sufficiently real, sufficiently widespread, to lead one to indulge the hope that—whether the writers would or would not get a penny for their labour—the book would at least pay for the printing.

J. H. POLLEN.

*Life of St. Patrick and his Place in History.*¹

THERE are some subjects on which it would seem that the last word is never to be said, and the Patron Saint of Ireland is most certainly one of these. Year after year, the literature bearing upon the life of St. Patrick is being constantly added to. The legendary and apocryphal features with which the early chroniclers delighted to embellish their histories have been gradually cleared away by the labours of modern, and it may be less enthusiastic writers, which have enabled us to appreciate St. Patrick's work in a clearer light and to see the true man before us.

Professor Bury has already established many claims to our gratitude and admiration. As a brilliant and painstaking scholar, with a very decided genius for historic research, he has laid students of classic literature under a deep debt by his contributions to Greek and Roman history. Especially valuable is his short history of Greece up to the death of Alexander, which is a model of clearness and conciseness. His more extended study of the later Roman Empire from Arcadius to Irene (A.D. 395 to 800), a period which had been too much overlooked by scholars, was, he tells us, the indirect cause of the appearance of the present work.

He wrote it, not so much as an important part of Ireland's history, but from its bearing on the far wider question of the Roman Empire; in the first place, as illustrating the emanations of its influence beyond its own frontiers, and secondly, as a notable episode in the series of conversions which spread Christianity over Northern Europe. His studies had led him naturally to enter upon the lives of the early missionaries, Boniface, Wulfilas, and our own Augustine. When he came to the Apostle of Ireland, he found it

impossible to gain any clear conception of the man and his work. The

¹ J. B. Bury. London: Macmillan and Co. 1905 (12s. 6d.)

subject was wrapt in obscurity, and this obscurity was encircled by an atmosphere of Controversy and Conjecture.

Indeed so thick did the mist hang about many facts of the Saint's life, that like William Tell, he has even been assumed to be an apocryphal personage, and that if he indeed existed, it was not himself but a namesake. It is but fair to say that this element of scepticism has only appeared in these later days. As the French say, *Rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur*, and in times of such searching criticism as our own, when even the authenticity of the writings of "the immortal William" is held in doubt, to say nothing of the text of Holy Writ, one can hardly wonder if irreligious German savants and Protestant writers of our own land have found the conflicting accounts and dates of St. Patrick's career, as recorded by the old annalists, somewhat hard to reconcile.

Professor Bury possesses one very necessary qualification of the historian who is worth his salt; he believes nothing until it is proved, and he started on his task with the settled conviction that previous writers on the subject had all built on flimsy and unsound foundations, and that they had left uncriticized the sources from which they obtained their information. Thus the work of Dr. J. H. Todd, for learning and critical acumen as Professor Bury considers, stands out pre-eminent from the mass of literature which has gathered round St. Patrick, yet he disposes of it with the somewhat sarcastic comment that "while he found it an excellent introduction to the subject, it left him doubtful about every fact connected with St. Patrick's life." A minor defect is that in his eyes Dr. Todd lacked impartiality, and though a Protestant, sought to establish a particular thesis quite apart from the conclusions borne out by the evidence. This means, we presume, that Dr. Todd, whose fame as an Irish bibliograph was world-wide, was led by his deep study of the early writers to adopt to some extent their view of St. Patrick's character and mission. Whether this be so or not, we will not pretend to say, but Professor Bury, to our mind, rather weakens this part of his argument by a subsequent remark. He tells us in the Preface,¹

that his conclusions tend to show that the Roman Catholic conception of St. Patrick's work is generally nearer to historical fact, than the views of some anti-papal divines.

¹ P. vii.

For his own part, his interest in the subject being purely an intellectual one, it was a matter of indifference as to what answer might be found to any of the vexed questions. He proceeded to a methodical examination of the evidence without allowing himself to be prejudiced in favour of either view. This, in a word, is his justification for his task, and we think most readers will agree with us, that it is an ample one. How many misconceptions and prejudices would never have seen the light, or would have died stillborn, had English history for the last three centuries been written upon these lines by impartial writers like Professor Bury. One of the best proofs of the way in which he has approached his subject is in the Appendix, which runs to a greater length than the biography itself. It consists of copious extracts from the *Confession* of St. Patrick, his letter against Coroticus, and most of the early acts and Lives on which we principally depend as materials for his history, and is a most valuable addition to the book.

The author claims a point which, we think, will readily be conceded, that his work will supply a firmer basis for the life and career of St. Patrick, even, he modestly adds, "if some of the superstructure should fall."

The life and personality of St. Patrick have always been especially attractive. The events of his varied career, from the cradle to the grave, are so striking in themselves, that the monkish chroniclers may well be pardoned if they have overlaid the genuine facts of his life with a thick layer of legend and romance.¹ No saint in the calendar has had woven round him so fanciful a garland of what we may almost term "fairy tales," attributable, no doubt, to the vivid imagination of the Celtic race, which has always delighted in the strange and mystic.

Thus it has always been an almost impossible task to dis-

¹ The writer of the article on St. Patrick in the National Biography makes a point of the fact that he was never canonized by Rome, and that even his acceptance as a saint is the outcome of popular tradition. The writer seems to be unaware that the Roman procedure of canonization did not come into universal operation till a far later period than St. Patrick's time. In those early days, individual Bishops, and afterwards Metropolitans, acting upon local testimony, declared the sanctity of certain persons, but as this was found to be open to abuse, Pope Alexander III., in 1170, published a Decree in which it is declared unlawful to honour any person publicly as a saint without the consent of the Roman Church. Naturally, on the death of the Apostle of Ireland, he was placed by universal acclaim among the saints. He was included in the martyrology of Bede, and venerated in the churches of every Christian nation.

entangle what is true in the events of St. Patrick's life from the legends with which popular fancy has surrounded them. This also applies to the dates of his birth and death, his arrival in Ireland, and most of the other circumstances in his career. Hardly two historians agree on these points. Most of the early authors, to whom we may add Alban Butler, the Northamptonshire hagiologist, place his birth in 372, but Professor Bury, almost alone, inclines to the later date of 389, though he hardly gives a sufficient reason for his opinion.

We now approach the vexed question of St. Patrick's birthplace. Almost as many countries arrogate to themselves this honour as the cities that laid claim to that of Homer. Scotland, England, France, and Wales each advance their right, but the question is not one that will easily be settled, and must ever remain a knotty point for antiquarians to fight over. Nearly all the writers before Professor Bury concur in placing it at a village called "Bannavem taberniae," which, says Butler, "seems to have been the town of Kilpatrick (church or cell of Patrick), near the mouth of the Clyde, now Dumbarton." In the fourth century of our era it was a Roman fortress garrisoned by Roman troops. Patrick was of patrician descent, claiming to be both Roman and Briton, his father, Calphurnius, being a Romano-British decurion, or member of a municipal council, and his mother, a Gallo-Roman, supposed by some writers to have been niece to St. Martin of Tours.

Professor Bury contends that his home was in a village called Bannaventa, but we find in the *Confession* that the name is distinctly given as Bannavem taberniae—the latter word being the Latin for huts or dwellings. Thus, Professor Bury's reading of the name is, in our judgment, not borne out by the only reliable authority. He professes, indeed, his inability to define its locality, as the only Bannaventa known to us is on the Roman road (Watling Street) at the Northamptonshire village of Norton, near Daventry. Unfortunately, however, for the hopes of claiming St. Patrick among that county's worthies, one troublesome fact stands in the way. Muirchu, who wrote *St. Patrick's Life* at the end of the seventh century, distinctly states that the village was near the Western sea, which at once puts Norton out of the question, situated as it is in the very centre of England. The "crux" to Professor Bury is the meaning of the mysterious "berniae" or "burniae," for he persists in thinking that Bannaventa is the original name. We confess

that we cannot agree with him, taking our stand on the hitherto undisputed reading of the *Confession*, and the second word "taberniae," which gives its own explanation. We are still less inclined to accord with his conclusions when he proceeds to tell us that we may perhaps look for the Bannaventa of Calphurnius in south-west Britain in the district of the lower Severn.

At the end of his Preface Professor Bury tells us that Professor Rhys has lately discovered three places named Banwen in Glamorganshire, one of which he suggests may represent Bannaventa, but in our own idea it seems much more akin to Bannavem of the early reading of the *Confession*.

One fact, however, may throw some light upon the question. It is remarkable that the footsteps of St. Patrick can be everywhere traced by the names of places called after him. Thus, assuming the early chroniclers to be correct, Kilpatrick records to this day the spot of his reputed birth, and it is curious to note that it adjoins the old wall of Antoninus, where the Roman station of Calphurnius was situated, called in the native tongue Dun na m-Bretan, or the fort of the Britains, modernized into the present Dumbarton.

The next stage in Patrick's career, and the one which in all human probability powerfully influenced his life's work, was in his seventeenth year, when he was made captive in a raid of Picts or Scots. And here again, the indirect evidence tends to show that Scotland is the real claimant to the honour of his birthplace. The freebooters carried him away to the north of Ireland, the nearest land to the Scottish shore. Of his six years of bondage under stern task-masters, we have but scant record. Here, once more, Professor Bury is at variance with the early chroniclers, who all locate the place of his captivity in Ulster, as swineherd to a master named Miliucc. Professor Bury professes to deduce from Patrick's own words in his *Confession* that he was taken on his arrival right across the country to the "furthest parts of the ultimate land." He has to admit, however, that even before the seventh century both Muirchu and Terechan, the two authorities who lived nearest to St. Patrick's time, place him in the north, a far more reasonable locality, both in regard of the distance to be traversed and because Dalradia was the land of the Picts, his captors. It was here while eating the bitter bread of bondage that the great spiritual change came over him which was to influence his future career. His "conversion," as we should

now-a-days term it, was sincere and earnest. Hitherto, he had been cold and careless as to his religion, but now he says "that being a thrall among strangers, the Lord opened the sense of his unbelief." He prayed often, rising from his bed before the dawn to go forth to sing the divine praises on the mountain-side in rain or snow. He had not given up all hopes of escape. At length he seems to have had a dream, and in his sleep a voice told him that he should return to his native country, and that a ship awaited his coming. The record of his adventures is a picturesque one. He had to make a long and weary journey across Ireland, beset by dangers on every hand. At last he reached the port which Professor Bury supposes to have been on the Wicklow coast. The cargo was already shipped, part of it being Irish wolf-hounds, which were eagerly sought after abroad. Patrick had, we learn, fortunately learnt how to manage them, and after a first rebuff from the ship-master, he was allowed to go on board, and in three days they made the land.

Here, again, we are at issue with Professor Bury as to the destination arrived at. He owns that "the name of the coast is hidden from us, and that we are left to divine the geography as best we may." Yet he has no difficulty in explaining the matter to his satisfaction; and declares unhesitatingly that the

circumstances enable us to determine that the ship made for the coast of Gaul. Gaul is the only land that could have been reached in three days or thereabouts.

If this be so, our geographical knowledge is strangely at fault. A glance at the map will show us that, as the crow flies, it is just five hundred miles from Wicklow to the mouth of the Loire, which in those days of primitive navigation would be an utterly impossible voyage to accomplish in three days. And Gaul is by no means the only other land within reach. We have seen that St. Patrick in his dream was admonished to return to his own country, and Butler, quoting the old writers, tells us that after three days' sail they made land, probably somewhere in the north of Scotland, which would hardly be much more than half the distance to the French coast, and would easily be compassed in the time. This would also explain their after-adventures. On landing their way lay through a desert for twenty-eight days before they came to any human habitations. Professor Bury finds this a great difficulty in so civilized a

country as southern Gaul, but gets out of it by the supposition that they avoided the main roads, and that the country had recently been ravaged by invaders. If, however, we accept the other theory, the matter is fairly clear. In the northern Scotland of the fourth century the depopulated nature of the land is only what we might expect to find.

We are told that after his escape from his shipmates he carried out the admonitions of his dream by returning to his home in Britain, which probably would be his first thought. Here his kinsfolk, his parents being dead, welcomed him heartily, and implored him not to leave them again. But his strong desire of labouring among the heathen Irish was gathering each day additional force, and another dream in which the voice urged him "to come once more and walk among them," appealed irresistibly to his heart and determined his resolution. It is hard to judge whether his long stay in Gaul was before or after this. It may be, as Professor Bury says, that he made two separate visits, one after his escape from his desert journey, and the other after he had finally resolved to undertake the Irish mission. During the first of these we are told that he found a refuge in the island monastery of Lerins on the Mediterranean coast. Professor Bury's account of his sojourn here is full of interest, but we can hardly believe that after living several years a cloistered life he would go once more into the world. It would hardly have been the act of a sincere monk. But as we have said, all the probabilities point to the conclusion that Patrick's first thought would be to return to his home in Britain. Professor Bury distinctly admits this.

The voice that urged him to his escape in Ireland told him that he would quickly come to his native land, which could not fail to have its effect upon his action.

Patrick tells, too, in his *Confession* that after his final escape from the shipmen "again after a few years I was in Britain with my relations." It is true that "the few years" may mean either after his first or second escape, but we think the evidence that we have brought forward supports rather the theory that his allusion is to his first escape.

One fact seems undisputed. That after Patrick had determined on his action, he went at once to Gaul to prepare himself for his work. He chose Auxerre as the place of his sojourn, where he passed several years (Professor Bury says fourteen) in

theological studies. For the greater part of the time he was under Bishop Germanus, an illustrious name in Gaulish ecclesiastical annals, and it was at his hands that he was finally consecrated and sent forth on his mission.

It has been urged by early writers, and with some show of evidence, that Patrick visited Rome at this time and received the Apostolical Benediction from Pope Celestine, but Professor Bury dismisses this as without support from the oldest sources, although Muirchu distinctly tells us that Patrick left Britain for the purpose of visiting the tombs of the Apostles.

Whether or no this visit to the Eternal City was actually paid is of little importance, for Patrick in his mission drew all his inspiration from the Roman See, which, in common with every Gaulish prelate, he revered as the head of Christendom. Professor Bury has a very strong passage here which we cannot refrain from quoting, showing how little there is to support the theory of late years so strangely urged by High Anglicans that the early British Churches were independent, and indeed almost antagonistic to that of Rome.

When [he says] a new ecclesiastical province was to be added to Western Christendom it was to Rome naturally that an appeal would be made. It was to the Bishop of Rome, as representing the unity of the Church, that the Christians of Ireland, desiring to be an organized portion of that unity, would naturally look to speed them on their way. His recognition of Ireland as a province of the spiritual federation of which he was the acknowledged head would be the most direct and effective means of securing for it an established place among the western churches.

Ireland was by no means the heathen nation that some writers have striven to make only in order to exalt the success of St. Patrick. Scattered throughout its borders were knots of Christian Picts and Scots to whom Palladius, St. Patrick's immediate predecessor, had been sent by Pope Celestine. His premature death hastened Patrick's departure; for his work, slight as it must necessarily have been, hardly detracts from his successor's work, who found the great harvest of souls almost untouched by the reaper.

We have not space to enter at length upon Professor Bury's description¹ of the political and social condition of Ireland at St. Patrick's arrival. It is a deeply interesting subject, and is characterized by the deep research which is the keynote of the

¹ Chap. iv.

entire work. He describes for us very clearly the tribal clans into which Ireland was divided, and which in many cases are preserved in the present names of the baronies, a map of which would give us at the same time a general idea of their size and number.

We know little of the religious cults, which Christianity displaced. The sun was probably the principal object of their worship, but there were no priests or temples, but merely open-air altars in the shape of pillar-stones. In a word, there was no national organized religion for Christianity to fight against. St. Patrick had therefore a comparatively easy task in overcoming the heathenism that confronted him. It was not through its morality that the Christian faith appealed to the Irish mind so much as through the effect on their vivid imagination of its rites and mysteries. The new religion which was presented to them came easily to their acceptance, for while they were required to abandon heathen observances and heathen cults, they were not required to surrender their belief in the existence of the beings which they were forbidden to worship. Thus the deep belief in the fairies or good people has survived to our own days. Professor Bury touches upon this point at some length, and his remarks, even while we do not accept all his conclusions, are full of suggestive matter.

Professor Bury is of opinion that in the pontificate of the great Pope Leo, Patrick, after eight years of unremitting labour, went to Rome to give an account of his mission. A further inducement was that he might obtain the Papal advice as to the foundation of a metropolitan church. He bore back with him to Ireland gifts, which to all Christians of his day, and very many of our own, were precious above all others; relics of SS. Peter and Paul, which were to be the glory of the Church and Monastery of Ard Mache (Armagh), Ireland's chief ecclesiastical city in the after-ages. Successful as was St. Patrick's work, it was accompanied by many perils. But his belief in the Divine aid never failed him.

Often [he says in his *Confession*], it delivered me from bondage and from twelve dangers by which my life was threatened. That he escaped more than once from these he owed to a feature in his policy on which he justly prided himself—his plain dealing and sincerity towards those to whom he preached. Never did he go back from his word or resort to subterfuges to win some advantage "for God and His Church."

A word as to the *Confession* of St. Patrick, which, although it does not enable us to delineate his character, reveals unmistakably a strong personality and a spiritual nature tinged with a deep humility. Its key-note is his sense of the wonderful dealings of God with himself and his determination not to "hide the gift of God," but make it known to the world.

The Lives of him by the monkish annalists were written to serve a purpose, and to present a hero-saint to the Irish people. Professor Bury says very rightly of the way in which these early records were penned :

The monks, the only authors of the day, were not concerned to show forth the real Patrick, but they were guided entirely by what the popular taste demanded. Like modern novelists they provided literary recreation for the public, and they had in this to consider the public taste.

It must have been by no means an easy task to disentangle the real events of St. Patrick's career from the mists of legend and tradition that encompass every act of his life. Professor Bury, however, sweeps away with an unshrinking hand all these "trivial fond records" which the gratitude of those to whom Patrick left so mighty a legacy may well excuse.

But even when this is done there is left for us a monumental record of a great and glorious work. He organized a Church and left behind him a living faith in Ireland which in spite of centuries of persecution retains a strength and vitality that is the envy of other nations, and seems as though nothing could extinguish it from the hearts of its children. "He did not indeed," says Professor Bury in a pregnant sentence, "introduce Christianity, but he secured its permanence, shaped its course, and made it a power in the land."

J. S. SHEPARD.

A Wonderful Land.

THERE are many wonderful lands in the world ; and these countries are wonderful, partly because of the natural features which they present, partly because of the different climates which they enjoy, and partly because of the varied forms of animal and vegetable life which they contain.

America is a wonderful land with reference to its boundless forests ; for nowhere on the face of the earth do we find such an extent and such an exuberance of vegetable life as in the forests of the New World. Africa is a wonderful land in respect to its animals ; for the abundance and the variety of great beasts in the Dark Continent is one of the wonders of the world. Iceland is a wonderful land, for it is the region of fire ; its soil is composed of ashes, lava, and cinders, and its mountains and geysers are ever pouring forth smoke and steam. And most truly can Australia be also called a wonderful land ; for, in its paucity of carnivorous beasts, in its abundance of marsupial animals, in its strangely-seared and grotesque vegetation, and in its endless wastes of barren sand, it resembles a dying land, and seems like a portion of a long-vanished world, standing solitary in the midst of a later creation, and mourning over the disappearance of those regions which in by-gone ages were its companions, and which have long sunk beneath the ocean.

But there is one land which can present features as strange as any of these. A land which lies buried beneath the terrors of the Arctic zone. A land which repels us by its melancholy associations, as well as by its desolate characteristics ; and over whose wastes of snow the glare of the Aurora flings a blood-red pall, proclaiming that it is abandoned to the Spirit of Frost and Snow. This land is Siberia.

Of all countries in the world Siberia is pre-eminently the land of gloomy features, and of melancholy associations. As we try to realize its aspect in the imagination, there rises before our minds a vision of endless forests of pine, larch, and cedar.

stretching away on all sides into the dim distance in dark and dreary monotony. Through the boundless forests flow broad, placid rivers, whose clear bosoms reflect the dense forests on the banks, and whose sluggish surfaces are only occasionally disturbed by the passage of a native bark-canoe. Deep in the depths of these interminable woods, miserable lepers, driven from the dwellings of their friends and relatives, herd together in wretched hovels, doomed shortly to die from want, famine, and disease. The bear roams the woods as the tyrant and terror of the solitudes; the sable and the squirrel make their homes amidst the trees; the reindeer browses on the scanty moss; and packs of wolves, sweeping through the forests after nightfall, make the woods resound with their dismal howlings. Far away to the north the forests cease, and then commence those vast wastes known as the Tundras, which extend to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. On these boundless expanses neither tree nor bush meet the eye, but the ground is in summer covered with a deep stratum of moss, which is so soaked with water that it resembles a gigantic sponge. Eminences rise here and there; islands in the ocean of swampy moss, covered with brightly-coloured lichen, and adorned with beautiful flowers. But by-and-by the scene changes, and the monotonous landscape presents another aspect. The mossy swamps disappear, and a bare, barren, stony wilderness takes their place. Gravel and sand stretch out in solitary wastes as far as the eye can reach; while here and there pools and lakes appear, on the shores of which a feeble vegetation of grass, moss, and lichens struggles for a precarious existence. These great barren plains are traversed in the early and late summer by vast herds of migrating reindeer, which leave the forests when the warm weather commences, and return to the woods on the approach of winter. The spectacle presented by these enormous masses of reindeer on the march is very striking. They move slowly and majestically along in a vast army, which is of great breadth and extends for miles over the plains as far as the eye can reach. The migrating host advances along a regular track, and pursues its way in perfect order. Wolves and bears follow its footsteps, and hang on its flanks; and native Siberians assail the migrating myriads of reindeer with spears and arrows. Numbers perish, but the survivors pursue their onward march until they reach their destination.

Dreary and monotonous as the aspect of these Tundras is

in summer, in winter it becomes appalling in its snow-clad desolation. The plains are buried deep beneath a mantle of snow; the temperature sinks to seventy degrees below zero; no animals save the Arctic fox and the snowy owl venture to face the awful cold; and when the wind rises and sweeps the snow in clouds over the icy plains death reigns supreme. By day the white expanse is unbroken by a single object save the wave-like ridges in the snow, and by night the boundless snowy wilderness is illuminated by the red glare of the Aurora, which turns the very heavens into blood. Truly of such a region it may be said:

Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost.

The horrors of a journey during the depth of winter in Northern Siberia are thus described by Wrangell:

When the icy ground is not covered by snow, the horses' hoofs often burst from the effect of the cold. The caravan is always surrounded by a thick cloud of vapour; it is not only living bodies which produce this effect, but even the snow smokes. These evaporations are instantly changed into millions of needles of ice, which fill the air, and cause a constant slight noise resembling the sound of torn satin or thick silk. Even the reindeer seeks the forests to protect himself from the intensity of the cold; in the Tundras, where there is no shelter to be found, the whole herd crowd together as closely as possible to gain a little warmth from each other, and may be seen standing in this way quite motionless. Only the dark bird of winter, the raven, still cleaves the icy air with slow and heavy wing, leaving behind him a long line of thin vapour, marking the track of his solitary flight.

The influence of the cold extends even to inanimate nature; the thickest trunks of trees are rent asunder with a loud noise, which in these deserts falls on the ear like a signal-shot at sea; large masses of rock are torn from their ancient sites; the ground in the Tundras, and in the rocky valleys, cracks, and forms wide, yawning fissures, from which the waters which were beneath the surface rise, giving off a vapour, and becoming immediately changed into ice. The effect of this degree of cold extends even beyond the earth; the beauty of the blue Polar sky, so often and so justly praised, disappears in the dense atmosphere which the intensity of the cold produces; the stars still glisten in the firmament, but their brilliancy is dimmed.¹

It must be borne in mind, however, that these descriptions are only applicable to *Northern* Siberia, for in the southern portions of this vast region a milder climate prevails, and the

¹ *Siberia and the Polar Sea*, p. 364.

earth is fertile, while the scenery is only diversified, picturesque, and beautiful.

The first remarkable characteristic of Northern and Central Siberia, to which we invite attention, and which particularly characterizes this marvellous realm of desolation, is, *the Perpetually Frozen Soil.*

When the Russians entered Siberia, three hundred years ago, they found that in many places, ice and frozen soil were discovered in patches only a few feet beneath the surface, and this frozen soil was never thawed by the heat of the sun. By-and-by, the Russians, pursuing their conquests, entered north-eastern Siberia, and founded the settlements of Yakutsk, Nijne Kolymsk, and Anadyrsk, and they speedily discovered that in these regions the perpetually frozen soil was nearer the surface, and extended to a far deeper depth than further west. The reports of this perpetually frozen soil were received in Europe with the greatest incredulity. It seems perfectly ridiculous to believe that the soil rested everywhere on solid ice, or that the centre of the earth was perpetually frozen. Strange though the statements were, they were speedily confirmed, and the distribution and limits of this perpetually frozen ground could be approximately ascertained. At Tobolsk ice is found only a few feet beneath the surface in the summer, when excavations are made for roads, drains, or for the foundations of houses. Further to the north, at the little town of Berezof, near the Obi, the perpetually frozen soil has given rise to a striking and interesting incident. Berezof is a melancholy place standing on the banks of the Soswa, and backed by an enormous forest of dark pines. The associations are as melancholy as the scenery, for political exiles have in great numbers been transported to this gloomy settlement. In the eighteenth century Prince Menchikoff was banished to Berezof by Peter the Great, and spent the remainder of his days in this dark and icy village. He worked with his own hands in building a church, of which he was the bell-ringer, and when he died he was buried immediately before the door of the building. In 1821 his grave was opened, and the coffin was found to be imbedded in perpetually frozen soil. The body had been so preserved by the intense cold that it had undergone scarcely any decay. The clothing was almost perfect, and the eyebrows, heart, and other parts of the body were sent as relics to the relatives.

On advancing eastwards, through Central Siberia, the limit of perpetually frozen ground bends more and more to the south, until at Yakutsk, the inhabitants gather their harvests from a layer of soil which is only three or four feet in thickness, and below which the ground is perpetually frozen to an unknown depth. Erman relates a remarkable experiment made while he was at Yakutsk, which shows the extraordinary depth to which the ground at that place is eternally frozen. M. Shergin was anxious to obtain water by sinking a well, as the only water procurable at Yakutsk was obtained from the river in the summer, and from the melted snow in the winter. The undertaking was commenced, but the workmen, a few feet beneath the surface of the ground, encountered hard frozen soil, which had to be dug through slowly and laboriously with a pick-axe. The flakes of the perpetually frozen gravel were perfectly hard and crisp, and only thawed on being brought up to the surface. After sinking for fifty feet the soil was found to be frozen as firmly as ever, and the thermometer rose so little that it was calculated that the ground was perpetually frozen to a depth of more than *six hundred feet*; the undertaking was therefore abandoned.¹

Further to the north, the frozen soil forms great slopes of hard, icy gravel and sand along the banks of the rivers. Thick beds of ice also lie amidst the frozen soil, and these icy layers never, or very rarely, meet. When the coast of the Arctic Ocean is reached, a different sight is often witnessed. The shores of the Polar Sea are constantly bordered by sloping cliffs of earth which are fast frozen and are never thawed. At times, so hard is the frozen mass that it is difficult to distinguish if it be genuine ice, or only gravel and sand permanently frozen. But in many places along the coast, cliffs of *pure ice* constantly occur, the sides of which are split open in great cracks. The sloping banks of lakes in the steppes are often formed of pure ice, cracked and split into chasms in the most fantastic manner. In most places towards the south, the perpetually frozen soil consists of gravel and sand, frozen as hard as rock, but along the Northern Siberia coast, cliffs of *pure ice* are frequently seen forming the genuine coast-line, and rising above the beach. In 1775, several fur-hunters were voyaging in a boat during the brief summer, along the southern portion of the Polar Sea not far from the Siberian coast, in the neighbourhood of the mouth of the Lena. They drew near to an island, the shores of

¹ Erman, *Travels in Siberia*, vol. ii. p. 367.

which towered darkly and precipitously above the waves. Their surprise may well be guessed when on reaching these dark cliffs they found them to consist of *pure ice*, and their astonishment increased when they found that on the top of these solid ice-cliffs was a thin layer of moss, less than a foot thick, on which were growing vast numbers of the most beautifully-coloured flowers! A few years ago, this island—the name of which is Maloi—was visited by some Russian explorers, and the discovery was confirmed. The cliffs of ice were dark and granular, and formed the genuine coast of the island. The cliffs were not stranded icebergs, nor were they formed by the freezing of the winter's snow, but they were *genuine cliffs* of hard, dark, and granular ice, and resembled those well-known cliffs of ice at Escholtz Bay in Kotzebue Sound in North-Western Alaska, which have been so often visited, and so frequently described. It appears, then, that all over the lowlands of Northern Siberia for tens of thousands of square miles the soil, only a few feet below the surface, is permanently frozen, and never thaws. In the central portion of Siberia this frozen soil seems to consist of frozen sand, mud, and gravel, but on the northern coast we find cliffs of pure ice, which seem to be the outcropping of the ice beneath. It is clear that this soil was not always frozen, and it is also clear that the vast alluvial deposits are merely "inundation mud." But how were they formed? And how were they afterwards frozen? These are hard questions for modern geologists to answer.

The next strange feature of Northern Siberia which we shall notice is *The Fossil Forests*.

Remains of old forests which flourished ages ago are common in every part of the world. All around the coast of Great Britain the remains of ancient forests which grew in days long gone by are found in great abundance. These forests begin at low-water mark, and extend beneath the sea for an unknown distance. Geologically speaking these forests are of very recent date, for they contain the remains of trees now living in Great Britain. Their trunks are found lying beneath the mud, twigs and nuts are buried near them in great abundance, and their leaves are like those which have been called

Brown skeletons of leaves that lay
The forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.

Older forests are found in other portions of Great Britain. In the cliffs of Norfolk, near Cromer, are the trunks of trees which grew at a time when the chill of that Great Winter known as the Glacial Period began to be felt in Western Europe. In the Isle of Wight are the remains of the trees which grew when England enjoyed a hot and tropical climate, in the far-distant days of the Cretaceous Era, when tree-ferns and cycads flourished in England, and strange flying-dragons winged their dusky flight through the air, and monstrous reptiles trod the land and swam in the waters. In America, every one knows how frequently buried trees are found in the superficial deposits of clay and sand which were formed by the ice-sheets during the Glacial Period, and Dr. Wright discovered the ruins of a cedar forest in front of the Muir glacier in south-eastern Alaska. Even amidst the barren wastes of the Libyan Desert clumps of petrified trees may be seen, and high up on the barren slopes of the Chilian Andes, Mr. Darwin found a fossil forest at an elevation of nine thousand feet above the sea. Mere accumulations of buried wood and remains of decayed forests which flourished in former ages are some of the commonest things met with in the world. But in Northern Siberia there are some special features attaching to these buried forests which present points of particular interest. The whole soil in the northern portions of Siberia is full of trunks of dead trees, and whenever we dig into the earth these fossil deposits of wood are encountered. They become also more frequent and more abundant as we journey towards the north and as we approach the Polar Sea. We leave behind us, in advancing northwards, all *living* forests, and enter the great stony and mossy plains of the Tundras, and here, where not a *living* tree can be seen in every direction as far as the eye can reach, the soil only a few feet beneath our feet is *packed full* of the trunks of *dead* trees in numbers which defy all calculation. In the great dreary plains of Northern Siberia there are constantly met with small lakes, the banks of which are at certain seasons of the year piled up to a height of several feet with the trunks of trees which have been thrown up by the waters of the lakes from some great subterranean deposits. So great is the quantity of fossil wood found along the shores of these dismal and lonely sheets of water, that the native Siberians never think of using any other fuel for their fires than that which they find on the beaches of these lakes, and which has been thrown up by the waves. Still

stranger is the sight of genuine *dead forests* often witnessed in these icy wildernesses. On the dreary plains where not a shrub nor bush can be seen, the traveller is often startled to meet with forests of dead trees standing upright as in the bygone days when they flourished in their pride, and possessing still their branches, bark, cones, and roots, but hard, lifeless, and dead. There they stand, veritable mummies of trees, relics of a world long passed away, and seeming to be the tombstones of the vast masses of fossil forests which lie buried in the frozen soil below. The nearest *living* trees are perhaps two hundred miles to the south, and not even a blade of grass can be seen around the feet of the dead and withered giants of the forests which flourished in a world which has passed away. On the shores of Northern Siberia, and in the ice-cliffs which rise above the beach, trunks of trees may still be seen standing upright in the perpetually frozen soil, and their roots may be discerned penetrating downwards through the congealed sand and clay. But it is in the islands in the Arctic Ocean, not far from the mouths of the rivers Lena and Yana, that the strangest ruins of trees are found. In the Island of Maloi—where there are cliffs of pure ice—the trunks of coniferous trees have been found fifteen feet in length buried in masses and still possessing their cones, bark, and branches, while underneath these wrecks of ancient forests come thick beds of pure ice and solid cliffs of the same material. About two hundred miles north of the mouth of the Lena, and in the heart of the Arctic Ocean, lie the New Siberian Islands, on the easternmost of which there are the remains of enormous fossil forests. On the sloping sides of a range of barren hills fronting the sea, there are piled up enormous masses of trunks of trees flung about in the wildest confusion, and piled up in inextricable confusion to a height of from two hundred to three hundred feet above the sea. In many places amidst these vast quantities of trees, which lie flung about in indescribable disorder, there may be seen the remains of others *standing upright*, and which evidently grew on the island before the rush of waters piled up the trunks of trees from a distance around them. These remains of former forests cover the hillsides for a distance of about four miles along the shore, and can be seen from the sea at a great distance.

From this notice of the fossil forests and petrified wood in Siberia, it will be noticed that these perished trees are of two kinds. *First*, those which *grew* on the spot in ancient days,

where they are now found standing. *Secondly*, those which have been *washed* into their present positions, and are found lying horizontally in the perpetually frozen soil. The early Russian settlers in Siberia observed these different kinds of fossil trees, and named them very correctly. They applied the name of *Adamshina*, or "Adamic Things" to those trees which, though dead, were standing upright. And they called the drifted dead trees *Noashina*, or "Things of Noah's Time," to signify that they had been washed into their position by a flood, which these simple people conceived to be the Deluge of Noah. It is plain that we have here three well-marked stages in ancient Siberian history. *First*, the time when the forests were growing, which are now standing upright, though dead. *Secondly*, the period when the inundation mud, full of the trunks of drifted trees, was deposited all over the lowlands of Northern Siberia. *Thirdly*, the time when these great deposits of mud were frozen, so that the climate changed, and changed with startling rapidity.

The last wonder of Northern Siberia is the most startling of any, and consists in the *vast quantities of bones, teeth, and tusks of elephants and rhinoceroses which it contains*.

Northern Siberia for tens of thousands of square miles is *one vast graveyard* of animals' remains; it is the largest graveyard in the world, and it is also the most dreary and desolate. The animal of which the most abundant remains are found is the gigantic fur-clad elephant of the north, or mammoth, whose bones are found over all the northern hemisphere, but which had its headquarters in Siberia. This mighty animal was larger than the present elephant, was covered with long, red hair, was furnished with huge semicircular tusks, and had a mane of long, streaming red hair extending from the neck all down the ridge of the back to the tail. The remains of the mammoth are found all over Northern Siberia in numbers which baffle all calculation. They exist in enormous deposits only a few feet beneath the soil. On some of the barren plains the tusks and teeth of these great elephants are so numerous that the native Siberians gather them in heaps every summer and sell them to the Russian traders. On the icy cliffs on the shores of the Polar Sea the remains of these great beasts are extraordinarily abundant, and when, during an exceptionally warm summer, much of the icy casing of these mud cliffs thaws, the bones of the mammoths fall out, so that the teeth and tusks

of these huge elephants may be seen whitening the shore for long distances. On the barren, gravelly plains, where neither grass nor shrub grows, elephants' tusks may often be seen sticking up out of the desolate soil, a certain sign that vast masses of bones, and even *perfect skeletons* of elephants, lie buried below. The whole of the soil of some of the barren plains near the Arctic Ocean seems to be *absolutely composed* of elephants' bones, showing that these creatures perished in these places in vast herds. Even the sea off the coast of Northern Siberia rolls its icy waves over enormous accumulations of elephants' remains, for, all along the dreary shores of the Gulf of Obi, the waves are constantly throwing up on the beach the tusks of elephants of gigantic size, and the sandbanks on the coasts of the islands in the Polar Sea to the north of the Siberian coast are always covered with the tusks and bones of elephants after every heavy gale, which have been washed up by the waves from vast deposits of bones which lie beneath the sea. It is a most remarkable thing connected with these remains of elephants that they increase in numbers from the south to the north, and are most abundant of all in the *northern* and *coldest* regions of Siberia. Along with the mammoth there are found the remains of a rhinoceros which was of a very extraordinary character. This Siberian rhinoceros was larger than any rhinoceros now living, was covered with red, bristling hair, and possessed two enormous horns. Its skull is so long and beaked that the native Siberians look upon it as the skull of a gigantic bird, and relate that their ancestors fought frequent battles with this tyrant of the air. Wonderful though it is that these enormous accumulations of the remains of elephants and rhinoceroses are found beneath the surface of the ground in Northern Siberia in such incalculable quantities, there is another wonder connected with them that is still more remarkable. It is this, that the *perfect bodies* of these huge creatures, with their flesh, fur, and hair in perfect preservation, are frequently found *standing upright* in the midst of the frozen soil on the desolate plains and in the icy cliffs of frozen mud on the banks of the rivers! In 1771 the body of a rhinoceros, covered with skin and hair, was washed out of an icy cliff on the banks of the river Vilui, and its leg was examined by the naturalist, Pallas. In 1799 a Tunguse chief found the body of a great fur-clad elephant *standing upright* and in a perfect state of preservation in an icy cliff in the delta of the Lena. The

remains of this mammoth were recovered by the Scotch naturalist, Adams, and its skeleton now stands in the Zoological Museum at St. Petersburg. Some Samoyedes, when hunting in the spring of 1839, found the body of another fur-clad elephant standing upright in a cliff of frozen gravel near the banks of the river Tas. It was covered with skin and fur, and its long trunk and great flapping ears were admirably preserved. Since these discoveries many perfect carcasses of elephants and rhinoceroses have been found in Northern Siberia with their flesh, skin, and fur perfectly preserved: it is plain that as soon as they died they were frozen up, and the intensity of the cold preserved their bodies from decay. Another body of an elephant was found in 1893 not far from the coast, between the mouths of the rivers Yana and Indigirka, and the *last* body of a mammoth was found in 1902.

About two hundred miles off the coast of Northern Siberia lie, in the very heart of the Polar Sea, an icy and utterly desolate group of islands called the New Siberian Islands. These islands are literally *packed full* of the bones, teeth, and tusks of elephants and rhinoceroses in numbers which are perfectly astounding. These relics of the great beasts are in the sandy soil and on the inland plains, and the tusks of elephants stick up from the barren ground in every direction. So enormous is the amount of fossil ivory contained in the "Islands of Bones," that for more than a century a most profitable trade in fossil ivory has been carried on between these islands and the Siberian mainland, and notwithstanding the prodigious quantities of ivory which have been taken from the islands during this time, the supply does not seem to have in any way diminished.

What brought about the destruction of these great beasts? They lived in Northern Siberia in a time which is geologically very recent, they were destroyed since man appeared on the earth, and they were overwhelmed by some sudden and tremendous catastrophe. Let us attempt, by an exercise of the imagination, aided by scientific discovery, to picture the land in which they lived, and the cataclysm in which they perished.

We see before us a magnificent country of mountain and lowland, with great rolling plains covered with grass, traversed in all directions by winding rivers, and diversified with swampy marshes, and broad placid lakes. Dense forests of pine, larch, and cedar clothe the hillsides, willows, birches, and poplars grow

by the sides of the streams, and beautiful flowers hang over the water. Such is the land; now let us glance at its animal inhabitants. Look! On the plain near the river, a herd of great red elephants is advancing towards the stream. The great beasts move slowly and majestically along in all their pride of ponderous strength, their long brown manes stream in the wind, and their white semicircular tusks glitter in the rays of the sun. Other elephants can be discerned, standing singly on the eminences, or drinking at the pools, but all are of the same hairy appearance. Along by the rivers' banks or amidst the thickets, we discern the huge clumsy forms of rhinoceroses; some of which are covered with hair and carry great curving horns, and others are of slenderer build, and have smoother skin. The musk-ox stands on the crags amidst the rocks, the wild horse is careering in troops over the distant grassy plains, while here and there the buffalo may be distinguished. Great herds of reindeer are browsing on the plains, or moving across their surfaces towards the northern mossy pastures. The beaver is building his dam, along the banks of the woodland stream. The bear stands at the edge of the thicket, watching for his prey, and the howling of a pack of wolves resounds from the depths of the forest. Such is the land, such are its inhabitants, and for a time all is quiet and peaceful. But a change is at hand. Great earthquake-upheavals of land are occurring in Central Asia. Inland seas are being drained of their waters, and Northern Siberia begins to sink. The fountains of the great deep are broken up, and the waves of the sea begin to roll in over the land. The lowlands are flooded, and the animals on the banks of the streams are swept away. The waters rise; the flood becomes an awful deluge, which overwhelms every living thing far and near. The plains are invaded by the roaring waters, and the animals crowd together in enormous herds, but they are surrounded by the merciless waters, and perish in thousands. The plains are submerged, and still the dark, icy, waters rise, drowning the animals in hecatombs. Those that remain climb the eminences, and seek safety on the crests of the hills. And now, on the tops of all the eminences, we can discern innumerable herds of animals, of all kinds, ages, and natures: savage and timid, young and aged, herding together in their attempts to escape from the catastrophe. Elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, horses, bears, deer, and wolves can be seen amidst the deepening gloom, crowded thickly together

on the hill-tops, trembling with fear, and bellowing in terror. Vain however is their refuge. They are a doomed race. The roaring waters rise higher and higher; the crests of the hills are invaded by the rolling waves; as the darkness descends on the awful scene we dimly discern trunks, tusks, and horns, tossing in the air, but silence falls, death is universal, and the destruction is complete. The fair land has disappeared beneath a deluge of black icy waters, the climate changes to one of Arctic severity; and Northern Siberia becomes a vast silent graveyard, full of the remains of its former inhabitants, and the ruins of its past beauty.

D. GATH WHITLEY.

Footprints in my Life.

I.

APOLOGY.

The request of a valued friend that I would attempt to jot down some of the facts and fancies of my Anglican clerical life is the reason for my egotism. Recalling the illogical past has been an amusement to me, although I fear it will be tedious to my reader. The following lines are but notes, and I must apologize for the jerkiness of my footprints; they merely mark the development of my "views," and their logical result.

No doubt our hearts were in our work, but as the work was our special hobby, much of the credit for it must be discounted. And the temptation of regarding our work with pride, as advancing beyond the generality of parish churches in extreme doctrine and ritual, was ever present to us. I regret to hear, that after we left Farmborough the congregations dwindled down to the lowest numbers, showing that all our work was ephemeral, and that the extreme sectional movement is more a personal attraction than a lasting conviction. It ever must be so as long as the fold of the National Church contains utterly different and opposing religions within its boundaries. These various religions reduce the voice of the National Church, in its corporate capacity, to a nonentity.

MY YOUTH.

I WAS born at Tooting, in Surrey, on 27th November, 1840. My only sister and I had the advantage of a very devout and exemplary mother, who never ceased to inculcate in us a love of God and religion as the governing principle of our lives. As a school-boy of fourteen, no doubt by my mother's advice, I seldom missed reading the morning portion of the Psalms for the day, but I did it secretly, none of my companions knew of it, for Protestants are often ashamed to be seen at private prayer except in their morning and evening devotions. We were all of us Protestants in those days, and we should have been much insulted if any one had called us Catholics. Although I took some interest in what religion I was taught, yet I was easily satisfied with a very limited amount of Protestant doctrine, and I knew nothing of any definite Faith. I fear I had very little veneration for authority in those days;

the noxious atmosphere of private judgment as a principle does not engender the necessary maxim of obedience to authority, but only that fatal infatuation, self-reliance, as to the knowledge of God's truth.

My preparation for Confirmation at school consisted in being asked three questions by the head-master :

- 1.—What is your age?
- 2.—Do you know the Catechism?
- 3.—Have you the consent of your parents?

As I was able to pass this examination favourably, I was confirmed at Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne's church about four miles from my school at Blandford. There were about a dozen of us, and as we proceeded to the ceremony we discussed the subject of wine. On a former occasion the Rector had offered us wine, and at the end of the row was a very modest and bashful boy, who, although he would have preferred port, thought it more modest to say sherry; and so sherry went down the line. This time we arranged that at both ends of the line there should be a boy not afraid boldly to ask for port, and we were confirmed well pleased with our ingenuity, and with the aroma of the port which we expected afterwards. But the Bishop's carriage had broken down, and we had to wait one hour and a half in church doing nothing. After the ceremony S. G. O. quite forgot us, and we had to trudge back without even the sherry.

At my first Communion the good-sized piece of bread handed to me contained a stone, about the size of a pea, and I kept this stone for some years hoping that it would bring me luck. Yes, my first Protestant Communion was memorable; as, for bread, I was given a stone. When I showed the stone to my mother she was pained and shocked.

Before going to Oxford I passed a year at Brighton under a clerical tutor, and it was during my stay at Brighton that my soul received the first definite impression of worship. I suppose it was because I was warned to avoid St. Paul's Church and the new teaching of Mr. Wagner, that I determined to see for myself what the mystery really was. My tutor told me not to go, but as I knew that he and his wife went there every Sunday evening, and as I was about nineteen years of age, I went. This sort of Protestantism was very different to anything I had been accustomed to, and I was quite captivated with the beautiful services, and with the instruction in the new doctrines. After-

wards I attended all the services that I could at that church, and learnt to love them greatly.

The two great lessons which I learnt there were, first that God's public worship must be of an ornate and ceremonial nature by His own sanction; and secondly I learnt that the communion table was an altar and not a mere table. How well I remember setting up in my bedroom a cross and two candlesticks, and I burnt the candles every evening at my private prayers said before them. With regard to the first lesson, there was the beauty and magnificence of the temple, the elaborate and mystical ceremonies, the costly adornments, the rich vestments, the exclusive priesthood entrusted with so much spiritual power, every detail of which was commanded by God. Our Lord worshipped at such costly shrines, He kept festivals and fasts, and bid the Pharisees observe the law of Moses. What a contrast to our Protestant simplicity which had no sanction from God. This teaching impressed me greatly. But the second lesson I learnt impressed me even more. The altar must be the most important and conspicuous place in the whole church, the pulpit being a mere accessory, and of minor importance. That the altar was in some way or other connected with sacrifice, the commemorative sacrifice in the Holy Communion of the Death of Christ. That at the consecration at the Holy Communion the real presence of our Lord's Body and Blood were upon the altar, and should as such be adored. All this teaching was quite a new light to me, although at first I could not grasp the full meaning of the doctrine. But this doctrine, once realized, developed, as time went by, into its legitimate truth, viz., that of transubstantiation.

I was called away to Bath to attend my dear mother's death-bed. Good Friday came; my sister and I attended the abbey. We sat at the bottom of the church; when the holy communion came, the verger requested us to move forward; we said we did not intend to communicate, so he bid us leave the church. I knew that we ought to fast, and my sister and I abstained from all food till the evening, although I carved for the family at luncheon, and smacked my lips over a favourite joint. It was very hard on my sister; I tried to teach her why we ought to fast, but I am sure she must have thought my new religion was a very unpleasant one if this was a necessary result.

I told my mother that I attended St. Paul's Church, and she was much vexed, and told me that I must give up this

dangerous church ; but day by day I pleaded for my beloved church so warmly, that, the day before her death, she gave me her full permission to attend the services ; and when I returned to Brighton I felt that if my mother could have been with me, she would have appreciated the services as much as I did. But the church was not Protestant, we were taught to call it Anglican, or Anglo-Catholic ; I felt, but could not then define the difference.

After leaving Oxford I passed three years at the Salisbury Theological College. I cannot say that I learnt much theology there ; but I spent a very happy time of it in social life, as there were many dinner, dancing, evening, and croquet parties, especially in the Close, and I met a great many very nice people. I was married during my theological career, and my wife and I enjoyed a great deal of hospitality. This was by way of preparing me for my ministerial work, the cure of souls. I was ordained deacon in 1866, and a year afterwards priest at the hands of that holy man Bishop Hamilton. The intervening year I passed as curate to the Rev. John Popham, of Chilton Foliat, in Berkshire. My Rector was in ill-health, and was frequently away from home, so I had some very hard, and also responsible work, for which, as a beginner, I was totally unfitted. My work was to assist at holy communion, take the schools at 10, give Matins, Litany, and sermon at 11, attend the school from 2 to 3, give the evening service and sermon at 3, and then in the evening go about a mile to that charming and noble mansion, Littlecote Hall, and give the evening service again in the large private chapel. Besides this I often had baptisms and funerals to take, and squeeze in a sick call.

AS RECTOR OF FARMBOROUGH.

Farmborough, in Somersetshire, had then rather more than nine hundred inhabitants, partly workers in the adjoining coal mines, and partly agriculturists. There was no gentleman's house except the rectory in the parish. The Rector was *ex officio* chairman at all vestries, and took the lead in all political and parish matters, with considerable influence in police, post-office, and licensed houses—a Government official.

My father was Rector of Farmborough from 1853 till 1867, when at his death I became Rector of the parish after only one year's ministerial experience. My father was asked to be a

magistrate, and declined the honour in these words—"I prefer to judge my people from the pulpit rather than the bench." I also twice declined to be a magistrate, giving as an excuse that it would interfere with my parish work, and that I refused to judge any one but myself. As Rector, unfortunately, I had no one to contradict me, so that in matters ecclesiastical I consulted no one, I did not even obtain or ask for my Bishop's faculty, but altered all the fittings of the church according to my caprice. A large, substantial oak altar with re-table replaced the small table, the pews in the chancel were abolished, and choir stalls took their place; rich vestments, and altar cloths of the proper colours were provided, and many other improvements were made.

For four years after I became Rector, fresh services and fresh ornaments were added. I explained, or attempted to explain, every innovation, and as no one had the courage to object I continued my improvements. My sister greatly aided me in this crusade, and my poor people took it very kindly, as they were now well looked after in all their temporal vicissitudes; they attributed all the alterations to the young Rector's "funny ways."

Each year my sister gave me a holiday on the Continent, and I "picked up" many bits of new ritual and ornament from the Catholic churches I had visited, and I pieced them into my web of divers colours. My work became heavy, I lived in my cassock and biretta, and even marched along the roads and footpaths in this garb to impress people with the notion that I was a priest indeed.

To carry on the work I felt that I must have some clerical aid, so I advertised for "a Catholic priest" to come and help me, and that I could give no stipend. The Rev. A. M. Donaldson saw this, and came to assist me, and he remained with me as my very dear and most intimate friend for the remaining six years that I was at Farmborough.

My church was rebuilt, nothing remained standing but the chancel and the tower of the old church. The accommodation was doubled, and more, as my congregation had grown rapidly. In taking away the plaster of the chancel wall, we came across an old Catholic piscina, and we were delighted to make use of it for ablutions. I should like to mention here that my father's former curate, and my special tutor at Oxford, the Rev. Father R. F. Clarke, S.J., preached his last Anglican sermon in my

church, and being ordained priest at the time of my conversion, said his first Mass for me.

The church at Farmborough was dedicated to All Saints, and each year at that festival we held an octave of services, with special preachers of the most advanced school, and for the week we kept open house, and many people from a distance came to assist at our elaborate services. It was indeed a very happy time. The church was always beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens, with banners, and ornamental texts of Scripture; the services were hearty with music, processions, and ceremonial; the altar was ablaze with lights, and crowds of people filled the church.

I well remember one festival, when my dear friend Arch-deacon Denison (who after I became a Catholic wrote me such loving letters, and was "almost persuaded"), with Mr. Bennet, of Frome, and Mr. Ward, of St. Raphael's, Bristol, were staying with me, and we shut ourselves up in a private conference on the subject of unity. It was my proposal, for I was greatly disturbed by our disunion in doctrine, and had put before the Diocesan Conference in Bath a scheme of my own for compulsory unity, but it fell flat; the three or four hundred clergy did not feel the need for it as I did, and regarding me as a visionary, smiled, and passed on to the next subject. My Bishop was the only one who gave the slightest sympathy. But I was speaking of our private conference at Farmborough, and my three colleagues there proposed so many amendments to all my resolutions, that we left the matter rather more acute than before; that is, we finally resolved to keep to our own private judgment, as we could neither trust the doctrine of the bishops nor their collective voice.

I had better state here that my "view" of the doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament was clearly that of transubstantiation; I could see no other logical issue. When I was first ordained I was in great confusion of thought. The doctrine I was taught at that time, by so-called high church episcopal authority, was a species of consubstantiation, that is, that the Body and Blood of Christ are indeed present, together with the substance of bread and wine. We were forbidden to adore the consecrated elements as idolatry because of the presence of the still remaining bread and wine. From the first I repudiated this grotesque doctrine, but with the help of my Testament I saw that the only spiritual solution was that of the Catholic Church. That this was the

doctrine I believed and taught, will explain all my ritual, and all my ornaments of the altar. I knew it was not the legitimate doctrine of the National Church; I was sorry for that Church, but I could not alter my belief; I knew also that my private judgment was protected, and this was my only defence. We saw nothing wrong in this subterfuge. We were teachers of the Word of God, and we happened to be members of the National Church. The advanced high-church school considered that it was their duty to educate their Church out of a negative Protestantism into a positive position of Catholic truth; a very cool assumption, no doubt, as it entirely ignored the Protestant element; but we could not see the absurdity of it, and we were headstrong. This education, we considered, might not be accomplished in a lifetime, but perhaps in fifty years, perhaps in a century, and then, some sort of Anglican unity being found and formed, we might be in a position, by compromise, to effect the union of Christendom. We knew so little of the Catholic world, and we thought so much of the Anglican flag, that our pride knew no bounds.

In 1870, the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope was enunciated; it rather shocked us; we regretted it, not as having anything to do with our Church, but as placing another barrier between us and Rome. Some then advocated our union with the Eastern Churches, and thought that if we could make terms with them we should together be sufficiently strong to gain the attention of Rome, and so work for the unity of Christendom. But the dogma of the Infallibility now stood in the way, and as we considered ourselves clearly Western, we must try and bridge over the difficulty in time; but it was cruel of Rome to ignore us.

For my own part I am quite sure that my delay in coming into the one true Fold was occasioned by my failure to grasp the doctrine of the supremacy and jurisdiction of the Pope as the successor to Peter. Yet there is more in the Testament to confirm this doctrine than any other doctrine of the Church. As long as an Anglican fails to understand the doctrine of the Church on the Holy See, he must remain as a lost sheep in the wilderness outside of the one true Fold, content with a private human opinion of the holy will of God and His truth, instead of the certain light of the Holy Ghost.

A recent convert clergyman lately wrote to me: "In this you have the whole position in a nutshell. The living Church on earth is the living Christ on earth."

OUR CHURCH.

I will now attempt to give a rough sketch of the church at Farmborough, after my good friend, A. M. Donaldson, joined me. But first a passing word to his memory, for he has lately gone to his rest and his reward. R.I.P. He was a man of very retiring, modest, and simple habits, extremely pious, self-denying, and charitable. He spent himself and all his means on everything which would give glory to God, and happiness to the poor. He undertook more than his share of the parish visiting and schools, he was eminently fitted for this as his sympathy was large, while I was rather accountable for the church services, the guilds, and the official work. Donaldson's simple and saintly life taught me many lessons, and I am sure all those who knew him derived great benefit from his consistent example. When he first came to me he honestly told me, and he frequently repeated it later on, that he anticipated our absorption into the Roman Communion, but that he never would betray his own orders or his own Church without being most thoroughly convinced that they were contrary to the will of God. So he looked forward to the future with anxiety, sometimes with hope, and at other times with dread, and he once added to me: "You are so different; you are content and sure. You look forward to a compromise with Rome; that is so visionary; Rome can never compromise without betraying Christ. We have absolutely nothing to bargain with except private judgment." He was right, for I wasted so much thought and hope on the educational theory; I saw that very great advance was taking place along the whole line, and why should this wave of truth cease, if God was with us until Rome and we could bargain? I mention this to show how extremely ignorant I then was of God's unalterable truth. After one of our most amicable discussions Donaldson ended by saying: "You are too John Bull ever to become a Roman." Thank God, for once Donaldson was wrong. Donaldson was always worrying himself over his real allegiance, it was a struggle which was ever present; but I was simply a state functionary, and had reports, statistics, parish and school finance, vestry work, family ties, and the like, to occupy my attention, and simply worked on in faith and hope, trusting that I was doing God's will as far as I knew it.

During our last four years we had the great advantage

of the active help of a very devout and pious widow lady who came to live in the village, and who brought up her family in the most exemplary manner. Another widow lady living just outside of the parish also gave us constant help. These devoted ladies were every day at work in the parish under the direction of Donaldson and myself. And my sister, who was always greedy for any toilsome parish work, greatly aided us whenever she could free herself from other ties, so that we had many great advantages for the carrying out of our evangelical work in the parish. Under these circumstances the church services and the parochial work were always increasing; and we did simply what was right in our own eyes, in spite of Church, State, and what we called an Erastian Episcopate. But I must emphasize the fact that we were absolutely honest and sincere in our opinions, and in perfectly good faith; we believed in our hearts that we were sowing God's seed, and were spreading God's truth; and I am quite sure that any one of us would have gloried on being called upon to suffer, no matter what, for these opinions.

The increased beauty and elaborateness of our services simply kept pace with the development of our faith. We knew we had so much to learn, and we did our best to learn it. Donaldson and I read the Anglican translation by the Bishop of Brechin of the *Memoriale Vitæ Sacerdotalis*, by Arbisenet; and also the *Exercises* of St. Ignatius; we preached their maxims to our people, and tried, however remotely, to profit by them ourselves. I remember once that I was preaching a course of evening Lenten sermons from the *Exercises*, and a young lady staying with one of my excellent widows was frightened. The lady brought her to me, and said to her: "You wait till next Sunday, when we shall have 'Hell;' that's awful." The good lady knew her Ignatius, and so my pious fraud was found out. I thought that if I had said that my notes were by a Jesuit, no one would have listened to me. I am glad to say that both ladies ultimately became Catholics.

AUTHORITY.

It must be remembered that authority, and obedience to authority are indefinite, and almost meaningless terms to the Anglican clergy. They say that "the Church" is their authority; but if this means the One Holy Catholic Church, it can be no authority to them as long as they are not in obedience to

the one Chief Shepherd of the Catholic Fold ; if it means the Anglican Church, whose authority they profess to obey, the result is chaos. Authority was personified to us in the State, and in our Bishops, who were generally selected by the Prime Minister of the day for some political leaning. What other earthly authority had we? Hence our work was to try and create an authority, Catholic in its tendencies, and decidedly anti-Protestant, which could be obeyed conscientiously. We all looked forward to that day when authority might be visible in our present fog. Some advocated the separation of Church and State, but this was opposed by the elder clergy as dangerous. English church history did not help us, for it was all written with a strong Protestant and anti-Catholic bias ; it represented "the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth" as having been cut into slices, as being broken by schism, crushed by heresy, and its continuity rendered negative by historical disruptions. We believed some of this, but not all, we considered it an exaggeration, and that the Reformation had a precedent in the revolt of the Eastern Church against the jurisdiction and supremacy of the Pope, and that the validity of the Orders of the Eastern clergy was held good in Rome. We might have remembered, and we ought to have known that the waves, and winds, and tempests might beat upon the edifice founded on the rock without doing it any damage. And we ought to have known that schisms were promised, and fearful heresies, so that even the very faith of some of the devout should be shaken, but that the Holy Ghost would remain in His Church to lead her into all truth till the end of time. Our argument was the unwarrantable assertion that since the continuity of the Church had been broken, and false Popes for a time had been allowed, no one need be surprised at all the dissensions in the Anglican Church, or at all its numerous divisions. This explains why, from our point of view, definite authority was out of sight, and therefore the only authority we knew was that of the individual conscience which we trusted God would guide according to His will. We believed, because it was always being dinned into our ears by our leaders, that there were as many diversities of faith in the Roman Church as in ours, so the only authority we had was private judgment. I do not say that we accepted the theory of private judgment as our sole authority, far otherwise, but as a matter of fact, twist it how we would, it came back to this.

OUR WORK.

Our daily life in the parish, and we seldom left the parish as we were so devoted to our hobby, was somewhat as follows: we had Mass at 8 o'clock on most mornings, that is on all Sundays and saints' days, and festivals. If the Anglican prayer book had no Epistle and Gospel for the day, we supplied them from the Roman Missal. Mass was followed by shortened Matins at 9 o'clock. We did not consider it an obligation for each priest to say Mass provided he assisted by his presence. Each year we had Mass on the feast of Corpus Christi at 5 o'clock to give labourers a chance. Then we had a procession in cope, carrying what we thought to be the Host, and preceded by a retreating thurifer. How we all loved the festival!

If some sick person wished to receive Holy Communion we reserved a wafer at the Mass, and it was placed in a silver gilt box, covered with a rich pall or veil, and we carried it most reverently through the lanes and fields, genuflecting to it as we crossed the stiles and never turning our backs upon it. We considered it sufficient for the sick to receive the whole Christ under the form of bread alone. Poor children! we imagined we carried our God, and we would gladly have died to save that wafer from any kind of indignity. It was an act of faith.

During the day there was school-work, children's services, visiting the sick and the well, taking each house in turn to show our sympathy with all our flock. Our parish workers looked after the mothers and young girls, and the babies to be baptized, or those to be confirmed, the attendance at church and the schools, and they dispensed alms and tickets to be taken to a shop for necessities. They also made and distributed many dresses and other clothing, and the garments and boots which our friends had sent us for the poor, so that the people were well looked after and cared for. Donaldson and I had occasional night calls, and I never refused a call. I remember one of a curious nature. One stormy morning in winter, about three o'clock, a young farmer fetched me to go and see his sister. As we trudged across the fields in mud and rain, he told me that his sister would not take her medicine unless I ordered it. I thought it rather an extravagant tax, but it was well I went, for we found the young woman had gone off her head, was lying on her back on the floor, and was shouting at the top of

her voice some of our hymns. Her brother and I had some terrible struggles with her during the night, as she wanted to throw herself out of the window. Her madness came on at night, and I had to go on several occasions to quiet her ; it was not inviting, as it was a mile away. When she got better she, one morning about four o'clock, managed to get into the church and began ringing one of the great bells—for we had an excellent peal—and this caused some excitement in the village. Any and every kind of ministerial work was a real pleasure to me, but I was terribly lazy and lax about secular duties. The parish was systematically worked ; we knew every person and child, and we knew their circumstances, all their troubles and ailments ; we read letters to them from their absent relatives and frequently answered them. We got those who needed it into various institutions and hospitals ; we gave both young and old frequent treats and often had to compose jealousies. All these things were the constant occupation of Donaldson and those good women. My work was very easy in comparison with theirs, and all the credit is due to them, for they did not spare themselves many holidays.

OUR SERVICES.

Our services were never dull ; all the prayers were intoned, and the Psalms were heartily sung, antiphonally, to Gregorian tones, and we had many hymns to popular tunes. Every evening, at 7 o'clock, we all met at church for evensong. Some had spent a previous hour at the Guild house, a cottage close to the church which I turned into a sort of club for our parish work. Here the clergy and workers used to confer and form plans for visiting. But at 7 o'clock we were all at church, and most of the choir-men and boys assisted every night. At this service we had a ceremonial *Magnificat*, the ritual of which I composed. After evensong we had Compline and perhaps some guild service, which I composed, to follow, such as the Guild of the Good Shepherd, or that of the "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament."

The attendance was always good, no matter what the weather, as the service was bright and attractive. One night in the week we had young men, another boys, another girls at the guild-house after evensong for instruction and recreation, and this was very popular ; we gave them illustrated newspapers,

and they had bagatelle, and draughts, and other games. Each of the members of the choir, both men and boys, wore a ribbon and medal; those who had been confirmed, a red ribbon, to show they were militant members, and those who were not confirmed a blue ribbon, as they were under our Lady's patronage. If any of the choir were in disgrace they were deprived of the ribbon and medal for a week or a month as the case might be. My sister carried on a large temperance society in the parish, and had considerable success, for she had great influence with the old people, who remembered our mother, and with the children, as she always knew how to interest and amuse them, and illustrate her teaching with stories.

Lent was a very busy time with us. We knew we had to fast, but as our Church was silent, as usual, about detail, we had to compose a good deal, and some of the effects of it were rather ludicrous. Each person had his own code; I heard of one abstaining from sweets during Lent; another, taking only cold meat on Fridays; another, adding salt fish to the *ménù*, but taking meat after; another, abstaining from playing the piano, and so on. This they considered fasting. But we at Farmborough were rather more enlightened and more reasonable. During the ten years that I was at Farmborough I never touched meat on a Friday, and, what is more, I would not allow anyone in my house to take meat; this was rather tyrannical.

Through Lent our work was rather severe. Mass was at 8 o'clock each morning, followed by shortened Matins. On Wednesdays and Fridays we had a children's service at 11 o'clock, consisting of Litany and Stations of the Cross. Evensong at 7 o'clock, at which I always gave a meditation for the night; this was followed by Compline, and perhaps some confessions were heard. On every Sunday in the year we had five services: Mass at 8, Choral Matins, Litany, and sermon at 11; the first Sunday in the month a Missa Cantata after the sermon, children's service at 3, mission service, about a mile distant, at 3, and fully choral evensong and sermon at 7. The mission chapel was made from a cottage and an adjoining blacksmith's forge. Donaldson undertook nearly all the services at this chapel. The children's service at the church at 3 I always undertook myself; it consisted of a children's Litany, generally that of the Holy Childhood; this was sung very nicely by about sixty or seventy children, and then I walked among them in cassock and biretta, and explained the Gospel of the day, illus-

trating it with stories which children love. Then the boys had to prepare three questions to put to the girls, and the girls three questions to put to the boys; these questions had to be connected with the Gospel. I put the questions into plain form, and the answers of the children always gave me pleasure and plenty to talk about. My object was to avoid dullness and yet give instruction. The Sunday schools were always attended by my charitable ladies.

At high festivals the church was thronged at evensong, many people had to remain in the churchyard if they had not taken their places about an hour beforehand. On these occasions when the church was so packed it was often difficult for the crucifer to push his way through the crowd at the head of the procession, and more than once we had to get the policeman to go in front of the crucifer, yet I never, in my ten years as Rector, had the smallest disturbance or any kind of insult in the church.

On Good Fridays the interior of the church was robed in black cloth with silver decorations. A black cloth was over the large east window, and before it hung a large crucifix. My people mostly put on mourning, and in my house every blind was drawn down. It was a veritable day of sorrow and mourning, and we tried to bring the great event of the day as realistically before the congregation as we could, and the church was always crowded, especially at the evening service. I remember one Good Friday, after long preachments I gave the Stations at 4 o'clock, and they were followed by so many people that numbers could not get near; so they and fresh comers asked me to give them again, which I did.

People coming to my church for the first time were rather astonished to see my people crossing themselves and devoutly kneeling at the "Incarnatus" in the Creed. My services in church were certainly not Protestant, nor were they Anglican, nor were they what we wished to believe them, fully Catholic; they were an odd mixture, and entirely unauthorized by any one but myself. It will be seen that I exercised my private judgment to the full, and I could not complain if another man's private judgment led him to do precisely the opposite. Verily the barriers of the National fold are exceedingly elastic.

I was precise and strict in all my ceremonial services, sometimes rehearsing them beforehand, so that everyone should know his place, and everything should be done in decency and

order ; so that we never had any of those bewildering and perplexing breaks in the ritual, with hurried order clumsily obeyed, or carried out in a wrong way. Confusion in conducting God's service is offensive and distracting. We should not dream of giving a secular representation in public with many interruptions ; then why should we give God of that which is not of our best ? My acolytes were therefore carefully trained ; I daresay they were a bit vain of their scarlet and violet cassocks, their snow-white cottas with real lace on them.

The number of communicants increased yearly, and on Sundays I had from twenty to forty. Knowing no book of devotion for Mass and Communion in the Anglican Church which was clear on the doctrine of transubstantiation, I published one privately in very large type for my poor people. You may ask me by what authority ? I can only reply by the authority of the New Testament and my own private judgment. Fasting communion, prayers for the dead, the invocation of our Lady were strongly urged and advocated.

Once as I was leaving for a holiday I placed a notice giving times for confession on the church door. The next Sunday the churchwarden saw the notice, tore it into fragments and sent them to me, saying my curate in my absence had been guilty of the crime. It gave me the opportunity of instructing the churchwarden. The same official spread it about the parish that Donaldson, each year when he took his holiday, which was always on the Continent, "went to get his pay from the Pope."

Our confessional was in the vestry or sacristy (a very objectionable place to my mind), and consisted of a high screen with a voice grating and crucifix ; this had to be unfolded and fastened to a square table every time a confession had to be heard.

We had ample means, Donaldson, my sister, and my two widows were most charitable, and the poor contributed their pence beyond their means. The alms from every offertory at Mass had to be spent on the altar and the sanctuary.

My sister conducted a very important work, that of getting situations for the best lads and girls. She gave them a good fit-out when she secured a situation for them with some respectable family who would look after them carefully. She kept in touch with them by correspondence, and nearly all of them turned out well.

F. B. LORD.

Some Churches of St. Petersburg.

ST. PETERSBURG is not one of the Holy Cities of Russia, and therefore it has not the appearance of one of them. It does not stand, like Moscow, on seven gently undulating hills, nor does it, like Kiev, crown a range of cliffs with white-walled churches, airy towers, and glittering cupolas. St. Petersburg, from one point of view, is flat, dreary, prosaic, as befits the official capital of Russia. And yet so closely is religion interwoven with Russian life and history, that St. Petersburg has a religious aspect that is not likely to escape the least observant. As the traveller approaches by the Gulf of Finland, he sees first on the far horizon the ball of fire that flashes above the Cathedral of St. Isaac—a temple of Orthodoxy at the gateway of the Empire—and his next impression may be that Russia is a land of toleration, seeing that Catholics, Germans, Armenians, Dutch, Finns, Swedes, English, and Americans—all possess at least one church in the capital. This variety of creeds, of course, lends considerable interest to a visit to St. Petersburg, and some of her churches present features of interest that will certainly strike, and may even dazzle, the student of ecclesiastical art. And first of all he will do well to begin his studies by a visit to the Cathedral of St. Isaac, which stands by the Neva in the most interesting and perhaps the most important quarter of the city.

St. Isaac's, unlike so many Gothic edifices, is no crystallization of the centuries, for it was built with astonishing speed in about thirty years. It reminds one of St. Peter's at Rome, but the classic severity of its exterior is tempered by the wealth of the materials chosen by the architects, so that it has been called a symphony of bronze and marble, of granite and gold. In two of the pediments we see represented scenes from the life of the patron Saint, St. Isaac of Dalmatia. In one to the west the Emperor Valens, as he goes forth from Constantinople, is stopped by the Saint, who informs him that the Divine

blessing will not accompany him upon his enterprize because he had shown favour to the Arians—a prophecy that turned out to be true, as the Emperor was killed. On the pediment to the east we see St. Isaac, released from the chains into which he had been thrown by Valens, and now engaged in blessing the Emperor Theodosius, who had returned triumphant from the war, while in the background Demophilus, the chief of the Arians, retires, with a look of anger on his face. Four wide flights of granite steps lead up to four porches that are formed of forty-eight stupendous monoliths; statuary breaks the horizontal lines of the edifice. We enter by a heavy bronze door adorned with large figures in relief, and are struck for a moment with the immensity of the interior, the gloom being partially dispelled by lighted candelabra suspended from the vault. Scaffolding unfortunately filled the sanctuary, for St. Isaac's is in constant need of repair owing to the fact that its foundations are laid in a marsh, and the existence of this scaffolding deepened the feeling of disappointment that was undoubtedly the next impression, for the cathedral was so dark and uninspiring; not till a guide took a candle and beckoned us to follow did we realize the prodigious wealth and beauty of the treasures of the church. In the place of honour to the right he pointed out an icon of the Virgin of Tikhvine, a little town near Novgorod noted for its image, and when he held the candle to it it seemed to be ablaze with precious stones. Behind the column against which it hangs he placed the candle again, close to a colossal figure of St. Isaac of Dalmatia, which is executed on a background of pure gold; near it are similar figures of St. Nicholas, St. Alexander Nevsky, and St. Catherine. Eight columns of malachite go to form the screen or iconostasis, which in a Greek church separates the nave from the sanctuary, and each column is over forty feet in height—an astounding fact if we remember that as a rule malachite is only used for vases or small tables. In the centre is "the royal door," and when it is open it is possible to see beyond, on the other side of the sanctuary, a colossal Byzantine figure of our Lord, lifting His hand in benediction. The flickering flames of countless tapers, burning before the iconostasis, cast their light upon the gold and silver work, the lapis-lazuli, the jasper and the porphyry with which it is adorned, greatly enhancing its effect, but the countless treasures of the church, its marble pavement and the paintings on the walls

attract less attention than they merit owing to the want of light. Suffice it to say that there is about these last an Italian grace and charm, which is the more remarkable when we remember that the Russian Church requires a certain Byzantine stiffness and conventionality in figures which are almost invariably painted in conformity with certain principles laid down centuries ago in the monastery of Mount Athos.

We went up the dome, which is surmounted by a lantern, crowned with a cross. From the pavement of the church to the lantern the height is said to be three hundred feet, and there are seven hundred steps to be climbed before the top is reached. A man with a light preceded us up the dark and winding staircase, pausing to point out the cast-iron drum of the dome, from which there project innumerable steel braces strengthened with cross braces, so as to resist the utmost pressure of the wind against the shell. Outside, half way up, we saw the bronze statues on the balustrade, keeping watch over the City of Peter, and below lay the city itself, its red-roofed houses covering the plain, while high above them rise the factory chimneys or the domes of churches. On the far horizon there was a circle of sombre forest, and between it and the Gulf the Neva developed its delta, forming the islands which constitute a portion of the city and have won for it the name of the Venice of the North. But St. Petersburg has nothing that charms: it is simply strange and wonderful. Its dominant note is immensity. It has five hundred palaces, three hundred churches, and four hundred and fifty wide straight streets; in the square about St. Isaac's Cathedral an army of a hundred thousand men might manœuvre with ease. The "Venice of the North" could not have existed but for the will of a despot, and in these days when constitutional government is regarded as the only possible form of rule, this city in a wilderness is perhaps an apology for despotism.

On one side of the animated Nevsky Prospect, the Regent Street of St. Petersburg, there stands the Cathedral of our Lady of Kazan. To right and left of the church, there is a colonnade, which forms a semicircle so that the building is really St. Peter's in miniature, and in front there is a fountain and a lawn, gay with scarlet gladioli. At the door women with trays ask for money for a night asylum or a children's home. From the long nave of the church with its quadruple range of columns of Finland granite, behind which

there hang the riddled flags of the French of 1812, we watch the great congregation standing at attention, while the priest beyond the iconostasis, amid a blaze of lights chants in awe-inspiring tones and the choir sings a plaintive melody. In front of the icon of Our Lady of Kazan, candles burn, and every now and then a man steps up and kisses the glass with fervour. Is it to ask a blessing on the Russian arms that he does so, for no other icon is so closely associated as this with Russian victories? In the seventeenth century the redoubtable Pojarski went to fetch it from Kazan, so that it might aid him in beating back the Poles, who at that time were occupying Moscow, and when on the day of battle it was borne before the Orthodox it was noticed that the sun shone forth and glinted with his rays the jewels that sparkled on the framework of the image. A century later Peter the Great had it transported to his new capital, and Alexander I. built for its reception the church that is named after it. In 1812 came the veteran Kutusov to invoke its aid against the French, and to-day as if in answer to his prayer there rises within a few yards of the icon a massive screen of silver, retaken from the French by the Cossacks, while the icon of St. Michael, which Alexander carried about with him through the whole of the campaign, now occupies a place of honour in a church at Kiev, and is ornamented with three thousand diamonds and sixteen chrysolites.

Long and weary is the way on foot to the Monastery of St. Alexander Nevsky, which is at the end of the great street of St. Petersburg and almost on the outskirts of the city. At first this street astonishes by the unending succession of its first-rate shops, its palaces, its churches and its busy crowd, but there is little to admire in the way of architecture. For the houses cannot be built of brick, which would not resist the winter, and the cold even displaces the granite and marble blocks of which the exterior of St. Isaac's is composed, adding thereby enormously to the cost of its maintenance. Hence the preference in ordinary cases for cement, a cheap material which retains the heat in spite of the thinness of the walls. Over the cement there is laid plaster, which is coloured red or yellow ochre, but does not charm the eye. We approach a poor part of the town; bearded moujiks are seated in the eating-houses sipping tea. We enter one: the waiter, on receiving a "tip" that is about the equivalent of a penny, is overcome with joy. He points out to us the Lavra of

St. Alexander Nevsky, its white walls, its green roofs and an astonishing display of glass, so that parts of the monastery remind us of nothing so much as of a two-storeyed conservatory. A streamlet runs at the foot of the walls: within are gardens with long grass upon the lawns and shady walks: near to them is a cemetery where Tchaikovsky lies, and many other famous dead. There is a cathedral-church, and as we approached it we saw one of the dirtiest figures that imagination can conceive. It was an ill-conditioned youth, who evidently belonged to one of the lowest orders of the monastery: his heavy boots, his worn and filthy cassock, his lank, disordered hair were not more remarkable than the happy smile that played upon his features. As for the interior of the church it is classic in style, and fridity itself: white marble columns with gilded capitals of brass support the richly-decorated vaulted roof; on projections above the capitals there are six sculptured figures, well out of the way, because images strictly speaking are not allowed in Russian churches. The scheme of decoration, if so it can be called, is white dashed with gold. There is a small apse at the east end, and in front of it is a white marble iconostasis, which really consists of "the royal door" flanked by pillars and surmounted by a gilded arch. On the right, in a silver shrine, more costly than artistic, are the relics of the heroic Saint who is said to have won a battle on this very spot against the Swedes. He is now the patron saint of Russia; his wanderings have won for him the name of the Slavonic Cid.

Towards six the big bell began to boom, and people filed in slowly, but in increasing numbers. Before each of the pictures of a saint that adorned the walls a candle had been lit. There was a blaze of tapers in the apse. Vespers began, the old familiar service, the cries of the priest alternating with the singing of the choir, sweet, dreamy, plaintive as a litany, an endless repetition of the Slavonic words for "Lord, have mercy upon us." The ascetic side of Russian religion is shown by this absence of the organ, as it is by the prohibition to use images, the icons being simply pictures or at most a head and hands painted on wood, while the robes are represented by metal work in slight relief. The congregation formed a black patch in front of the iconostasis, but scattered individuals in the background stood at attention, foursquare with the altar, crossing themselves incessantly, or bowing or touching the pavement with their foreheads. To the stranger it seems that

there is something mechanical about Russian devotion, and intelligent Russian ecclesiastics admit the charge.

One of the most conspicuous objects in St. Petersburg is a tall, slender spire, which flashes like a golden needle on the other side of the Neva. It is the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Westminster Abbey of Russia. A white wall hides it like a veil from the outer world, and the entrance is reached by an avenue of trees where soldiers were sauntering in black trousers and white vest. On entering the cathedral it was impossible to repress an exclamation of surprise, for the interior has probably no parallel in Russia. Columns and walls were literally covered with battle-axes, shields, flags, and other military trophies, and near each plinth there was a magnificent icon, lavishly adorned with jewels, and lit up by the daintiest of blue-enamelled lamps. One of the icons was particularly remarkable. It represented three men in brightly painted robes one of whom was handing to a kneeling girl the head of John the Baptist in a charger, the head being surrounded by a jewelled nimbus, a curious combination of the gruesome and magnificent. The gilded iconostasis towers high up into the dome, and on either side of it and elsewhere in the church there are tombs of all the Sovereigns of Russia (with one exception) since the days of Peter the Great. In few countries probably are there such glaring inequalities of rank and fortune as in Russia, yet here the despots lie, equal in death, under plain marble slabs ornamented with a golden cross, and with no inscription but the name of him who is beneath. Here is Peter the Great, whose strange exploits will be known as long as the world lasts; close by are the mortal remains of Catherine, the village girl, who knew how to charm the half-mad genius that her husband was, and who became an Empress, though she could not write. Here too is the tomb of Alexis, the son of Peter, who died in prison, knouted to death perhaps by the order of his too energetic sire. In the second row of tombs is the Empress Anna, in whose palace it was a crime not to get intoxicated, and in the same line is Peter III. who went to Oranienbaum to revel, and found instead a prison and a cup of poison. His successor was his wife, the brilliant Catherine II., who perhaps was privy to the murder. And here among many others is the grave of Alexander I., the friend of Napoleon and then his conqueror, than whom no man was ever more generous in victory, more attached to liberty, more inter-

esting in his pathetic end. Scarcely less touching a figure is his namesake, Alexander II., who liberated the serfs and died by the bomb of a Nihilist because he hesitated to grant further reforms. A soldier told us that we might see the carriage in which he was driving at the time, with its shattered panels and dilapidated canvas at the Museum of Imperial coaches, but when one of us was about to note down the address he stopped him by saying that it was not allowed to write in the church. The last tomb that we noticed was that of Nicholas I., the burly autocrat, whose death was hastened by the disasters of the Crimean War. It happened to be the anniversary of his birthday, and the tomb was beautifully ornamented with hydrangeas, wreaths, icons, and jewelled lamps. People, and especially soldiers, kept pouring in to pay their respects to a Czar who died more than fifty years ago, and order was kept by an elderly official, whose hideous face and ragged beard were in curious contrast with the magnificence of his dark-blue uniform with bands of gold about the sleeves.

But enough of Greek Orthodoxy. On Sunday we went to the Catholic church of St. Catherine. It stands in perhaps the best part of the Nevsky, not far from the Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan, and is not in any way remarkable from the architectural point of view. But it is well furnished and well decorated, and contains the tombs of Poniatowski and Moreau. In other respects it presents the same characteristics as so many of the Catholic churches in the great towns in Russia, a want of seats, worshippers in overwhelming numbers and a sort of haphazard fashion of celebrating Masses, so that it is difficult to know exactly beforehand what will be going on. All through the ten o'clock Mass the organ kept playing, not too harmoniously, ceasing only at the Elevation, while attention was still further diverted by the great number of people, who read aloud from their prayer-books all the time, as if to show their skill in this respect. The priest, on descending to the rails to administer the communion, was accompanied by two servers dressed in scarlet, with lighted candles in their hands. The sermon was in French. And all the time people came pouring in, till every square foot of the building was occupied, so that by eleven it was impossible to keep one's place, much less to kneel, while outside, scores of hapless individuals, unable to obtain admission, followed the Mass as best they could upon the steps. Poor, careworn, unattractive creatures, with their

Polish prayer-books—girls with black mantillas, soldiers in white blouses fastened round the waist with a belt, students in grey coats with silver buttons, peasants in caps of astrakhan—we did not see one person elegantly dressed, though this no doubt is accounted for by the fact that it was summer, when wealthy families are out of town.

Why this crowd? It is because the Russian Government throws such obstacles in the way of building churches to all except the Orthodox, so that thousands of Catholics within the Empire are compelled to practise the rites of their religion under considerable difficulties. Thus, for instance, at Kiev, where the Poles are numerous, there was only one Catholic church a few years ago. The need for a new one was so crying that at last permission was obtained to build it, but leave had also to be got from the Archimandrite of the Lavra of Pechersk, a monastery near to Kiev, and he would only consent to the church being built on a marshy site outside the city, where its foundations may collapse at any time, and where it is too remote to be really useful to most of the Catholics. And even when it has been built it is liable to all sorts of exasperating regulations. Thus, for instance, without special permission no repairs can be executed. What this may mean will be understood from the following story. At a time when Russia was busily engaged in building Orthodox churches in the Baltic provinces there was a Protestant church in Esthonia that would hold about two hundred people. The roof wanted repairing. Permission was asked. Said the authorities, "Your best plan would be to petition first that the present roof should be taken off." This was duly done. But when the contractor proceeded to put on a new roof, a Government official appeared and asked if he had got permission. He could but answer "no," and so the work was stopped and to this day the church is roofless. No doubt this could only have happened in the case of a small building, for a good way of intimidating the Russian authorities is to tell them that what they are doing will be known abroad, and that Russia's fair fame will suffer thereby. And there are so many foreign Catholics in Russia that a warning of this sort in the case of a large church in an important town is hardly likely to be necessary.

In Russia, as is well known, no Church is tolerated, in the true sense of the word, except the Orthodox Church. The authorities, however, permit the erection of a place of worship

for foreigners if it represent a National Church. Perhaps the only exception in the Empire is the Congregational church at St. Petersburg, and this is the history of its genesis. The American Ambassador wished to build it, but it was pointed out to him that it did not represent a National Church. "Then are we to have no church of our own," was the rejoinder, "just because we have no State Church?" This naturally puzzled the Russian officials, who in the end decided that it might be built and represented as the State Church of the United States. Nor, if the following anecdote be true, is this the first occasion on which the Russian authorities have shown their ingenuity in getting out of a religious difficulty of their own invention. A Frenchman once applied for a passport allowing him to continue to reside in Russia. To obtain this it was necessary that he should state his religion. "I am an Atheist," said the Frenchman. The authorities looked puzzled. "We do not find any such denomination mentioned in our list of religions," they objected, "and we cannot enter you as such." The Frenchman remained firm; what could be done? At length the deadlock was terminated by an official who came forward, and said: "Do I understand that you protest against all religions?" "I do," said the Frenchman. "Then," said the official, turning to the clerk, "in order to get out of the difficulty, you might write him down a Protestant."

T. PERCY ARMSTRONG.

The Catholic Guardians' Conference.

THE events of the past two years, especially so far as they affect one particular section of Catholic social work, clearly point to the necessity of Catholics generally taking a much more prominent share in the public life of the country than they have hitherto done. Recent educational enactments, for example, have placed the control of all elementary schools in the hands of local and popularly elected bodies ; and as in many districts in which Catholics have failed to obtain due or even any representation, difficulties have arisen which have not been experienced in most cases in which the local authorities have included Catholic members, the moral would seem to be obvious. Non-Catholics by themselves, although they may be filled with the best of intentions, often fail to appreciate the precise effect of a certain course of action upon Catholic feeling or practice. Hence arises the necessity of securing Catholic representation upon every public body dealing in any way with matters affecting Catholic interests.

No better example of the value of Catholic membership of public bodies and its far-reaching effects can be given than in the work of the Catholic Guardians of the Poor throughout the country, of whom there are between four and five hundred upon the different six hundred Boards in the various parts of England and Wales. Of course the undue proportion of poor to be found amongst our co-religionists in this land naturally emphasizes the importance of Guardians' work from a Catholic point of view ; but thanks to the formation of the Catholic Guardians' Association about ten years ago, and the Conferences which it has organized year by year, Catholic Guardians have had an excellent opportunity of applying to matters local the results of experience gathered from all parts. For they have been able to compare notes with their fellow-Guardians at these annual meetings, and to discuss matters of vital interest which have always proved of such great service not only to members

of Boards of Guardians, Catholic and non-Catholic, but also to all Catholic social workers participating in kindred forms of work.

The Annual Conference of the Catholic Guardians' Association held during the past month at Birmingham was no exception to the general rule. For the first time since the Conferences have been instituted, the annual gathering was arranged out of London; and although all those who were present at the Catholic Truth Society Conference last September, and who had not yet forgotten a similar Conference in the capital of the Midlands in the 'nineties, were quite sure that Birmingham would spell success, yet there were some traces of anxiety as to whether a Conference appealing to a much more limited circle than the general Catholic Conference would prove as successful in the provinces as it had done in the metropolis. The experiment however has more than justified the hopeful anticipations of its promoters. The attendances at all the meetings were better than they have been in London; the papers and the discussions which followed were of especial interest, and, best of all, the Conference has resulted in an excellent development in the formation of a Diocesan Branch of the Guardians' Association; an example, let us hope, which will be followed in other parts of the country, and which will materially strengthen the position of the parent Association, and increase its possibilities for good. To all those who attended the Conference from a distance, it was obvious that its great success was due to the very practical encouragement accorded to it by his Lordship the Bishop of Birmingham, who presided at every meeting and took part in the discussions; and to the efforts of Mr. Stephen Gateley, the Chairman of the local Committee, and Father Hudson, its Hon. Secretary, who had charge of all the local arrangements.

Before proceeding to discuss the papers read at the Conference, it will be well again to refer to an important point which has so far been raised at every Conference, and upon which every Catholic Guardian vigorously insists. No Catholic should become a member of a Board of Guardians unless he is prepared to devote ample time to the general work of the Board. He must be willing to take not only a fair but a generous share in the ordinary routine duties of a Guardian. A member who only concerns himself about the interests of Catholics, and who merely attends when a Catholic case is

under consideration, does much more harm than good. His colleagues rightly deem him impossible and generally outvote him. On the other hand, a Catholic member who regularly attends to his Guardian's work, irrespective of the creed of those concerned, always receives consideration when a Catholic case is dealt with, and his opinion is not only sought but deferred to. A curious illustration of this was given to the writer at the recent Conference. Owing to the action of a Catholic Guardian with regard to the neglect of proper supervision of a non-Catholic child who had been boarded out, and to some matters concerning the non-advertising of contracts, the majority of the members determined to exclude him from certain committees at the annual revision of the list of members of committees. But they reckoned without the labour members of the Board, who had been so impressed by the good work done by the Catholic member on general lines, that they obstructed all business until he was reinstated upon the committees from which he had been omitted.

As in former years, two days were devoted to the Conference. At the morning session of the first day, two papers were read and discussed. Mr. Stephen Gateley, a member of the Birmingham Board, and a Guardian of more than fifteen years' standing, contributed an instructive paper upon "Catholic Guardians and the Administration of the Poor Law: our Duties and Responsibilities." After describing very clearly the great change which has come over the Poor Law as far as its administration is concerned, especially regarding the weak and the infirm and the children, he proceeded to show that from a Catholic point of view equal progress could be recorded, instances of which were to be found in such solid facts as that at the present time there are no less than 468 Catholic Guardians in England and Wales, and as many as eighty paid Catholic Instructors. The equitable treatment accorded by his own Board to the Catholics under its care was given as another illustration of the same development. In this respect, however, it would perhaps have been more serviceable to Guardians from other districts if the writer of the paper had explained in detail what he meant by equal treatment, instead of speaking in general terms. In this way he would have afforded them an opportunity of contrasting the work of the Birmingham Board both in as far as it affects the general poor and the Catholic poor as well, with similar conditions under their respective

Boards. Besides, the standard of contentment varies considerably with the locality, and concrete examples of what Catholics secure in one part of the country often serve to stimulate the desires and the efforts of their co-religionists in another.

Mr. Gateley, however, gave some practical advice upon the duties of Catholic Guardians, which must have convinced his experienced hearers that his fifteen years of service have been especially fruitful. As he well pointed out, although strong measures may at times be necessary, tact and discretion, and a friendly consideration for colleagues and officials, often gain the end in view much more efficaciously than other means. The need for a full participation in the general work of the Board, already referred to above, the importance of ever keeping a watchful eye upon the creed register, the desirability of settling women members upon every Board, the difficulty of settling some cases of out relief, and other points, he also dealt with at some length. One matter raised by him will doubtless receive further attention from the Catholic Guardians' Association, namely, the question of the employment of Catholics upon the staffs of Poor Law Institutions. Is there not a tendency upon certain Boards to bar the employment of Catholics? Is it not a fact, too, that the religious test, when applied, generally comes from the supporters of those who are now appearing before the public as "Passive Resisters" against so-called religious tests?

The paper which admittedly attracted most attention at the Conference was that by Father Higley upon "Catholic Children under the Poor Law and the various methods of dealing with them." Its writer can certainly claim a unique experience in this most important section of Poor Law work, which entitles him to speak with authority upon the matter. His life as a priest has been spent in the poorest quarters of the East End of London, where, day by day, he has been confronted with Poor Law problems. He has been a Guardian of the Poor for fifteen years, and is now Chairman of the Stepney Board. He was a manager of the South Metropolitan District Schools at Sutton, and in his capacity as Chairman of the Schools' Committee of his own Board, visited all kinds of schools and scattered homes throughout the country. Those who had the privilege of listening to the paper, will readily admit that its author did not neglect his many opportunities of forming a sound judgment thereon.

Beginning his paper by briefly sketching the many improvements which marked the progress of the Poor Law system with regard to children during the past century, Father Higley paid a glowing tribute to the great work of the late Cardinal Manning for Catholic Poor Law children in particular. To his Eminence he attributed in a very large degree several Acts of Parliament, passed in the 'sixties, dealing with the rights of Catholic children, especially the Act of 1868, the Catholic children's Magna Charta, as Father Higley well termed it—which insisted that a child shall not be permitted to attend the services of any other religious creed, or be instructed in any other religious creed than that in which it has been entered in the creed register. The present satisfactory condition of all matters relating to Catholic Poor Law children in London, he also mainly ascribed to the stupendous efforts of the great Cardinal.

Father Higley was somewhat severe in his criticisms of the Catholics of the North and of the Midlands, in so far as their Poor Law children are concerned. They were, he complained, far and away behind the Catholics of the metropolis in this respect. In his visits paid to non-Catholic schools in both the first-named districts, he had met with Catholic children who were being brought up without any or with very little chance of practising their religion. In a "scattered home," under the oversight of a Board of Guardians upon which were two Catholic members, he had found a Protestant foster-mother in charge of twelve children, of whom ten or eleven were Catholics, and supplying them with a meat dinner on a Friday! In London, on the other hand, every Board sends its Catholic children to Catholic certified schools, whilst the Catholic body have been notably progressive in providing all sorts of special schools for the heavily afflicted, which were not already available. Indeed, in some forms of special schools, Catholics have actually led the way, as for example in the school for feeble-minded children at Hillingdon. Ophthalmic schools, both for boys and girls, schools for children suffering from ringworm, homes for defective and epileptic children, a home for feeble-minded girls over sixteen, and a home for open-air treatment of consumption, are all now to be found as part of the rescue work of the two dioceses which include London within their area.

All these developments of Poor Law work concerning

children Father Higley aptly illustrated by quoting concrete examples from the work of his own Board, which is responsible for a large number of children. Certainly, if every Board of Guardians made use of all forms of special schools in the same generous manner as the Stepney Board, their extension in every direction would soon become a necessity. Not only have all the homes mentioned in the preceding paragraph been called into service, but the Guardians have done their best to further a very important scheme which, if made general in its operation, should tend to ameliorate the future condition of children who have spent their young lives in Poor Law Institutions. Following a plan similar to that adopted by some Industrial School authorities, they have started an interchange of Poor Law children. To do this it has been necessary to use the powers of adoption of children up to the age of eighteen granted to Guardians by a recent Act, for cases where it can be shown that the parents are vicious or impossible beings. In this way children chargeable to the Stepney Union are now being brought up in the North of England, and their future, it is hoped, will be emigration. Father Higley summed up his paper with the demand for a Catholic atmosphere for every Catholic child, rich or poor, physically fit or unfit, mentally strong or weak; and made a stirring appeal to Catholic laymen to take their share in an apostolate which had for its object the safeguarding of the Faith of the children of the poor.

In the discussion which followed the reading of these two papers, many points of interest were raised. Curiously enough, strangely diverging views were expressed by Guardians from different districts. Whereas one Guardian, for example, claimed a special note of praise for his Board in that it had given Catholics a separate ward in the workhouse and in the infirmary, another Guardian expressed considerable doubt as to the advantage of this arrangement, as it led to the bad Catholic, whom the priest particularly wishes to reach, being frequently overlooked—through his own fault generally, be it said—and left out in the non-Catholic wards. This point in itself serves to illustrate the importance of examining an arrangement carefully from every point of view before committing oneself absolutely to it. In all forms of Poor Law work, and, indeed, of municipal and of educational work as well, there seems to be too great a tendency to cast aside old systems and methods for novel schemes and new ideas before the latter have had a fair trial.

Many public bodies hasten to condemn old-fashioned institutions as failures before they have had any opportunity of testing sufficiently the new schemes which are to take their place. The result is that needless financial expenditure is frequently incurred. This tendency was noticeable in the discussion under review, when one Guardian championed the scattered homes system, whilst another was equally strong in support of the boarding-out system, and a third was found to express regret that the "barrack" Poor Law school had been sentenced to death. The question is not so easily solved as some people imagine. Whilst very few will regret that the immense Poor Law school, such as the Sutton School with its 2,000 children, is now a thing of the past, it is by no means certain whether a moderately-sized school, like the Girls' or Boys' Orphanage at Orpington, does not achieve as good results on the whole as a system of boarding-out or of scattered homes.

Without expressing a decided opinion in favour of any particular system, it seems to the writer not unfair to say that in each case good results depend entirely upon those who are in charge. Each system if properly carried out undoubtedly achieves good results, and each system has already had its failures. Unfortunately, as far as Catholics are concerned, the Boarding-out system has so far been very little tried, as it has been found far from easy to form suitable Boarding-out Committees. Miss Mason, a Local Government Board Inspector, who was present at the Conference, appealed to Catholic Guardians to make renewed efforts in this direction, instancing the excellent work which is being accomplished by a Catholic Boarding-out Committee at Nymphsfield in Gloucestershire. The writer understands that another Committee will shortly be formed in a country district in Sussex, and that negotiations are also pending for a similar arrangement in another part of the country, but so far the difficulty has been to find districts in which there are a sufficient number of suitable Catholic families for receiving children. It is to be hoped, too, that future Boarding-out Committees will be accorded different treatment by the local education authorities, and by the Board of Education, from that experienced by the ladies responsible for the work at Nymphsfield.

In contrasting these different systems of dealing with children, it must be remembered, too, as Father Higley well pointed out, that a scandal of any kind is much more noticeable in a

Poor Law School than in a case of boarding-out, or in the scattered homes. Hence the drawbacks to the first-named system naturally seem greater. A good deal has also been said of the economy of the two latter as compared with the Poor Law School. Some of the figures given for scattered homes, it was stated at the Conference, were somewhat delusive, the cost per bed being quoted, instead of the cost per child, which may be obviously very different. With regard to Boarding-out, some of the charges which are paid for directly in the Poor Law School, have to be paid indirectly. It would certainly be interesting to have some reliable figures upon the subject, although the champions of the more expensive systems would naturally point out that economy is after all not the only thing to aim at.

At the afternoon session of the Conference, Father Hudson, the Hon. Secretary of the Catholic Emigration Association and of the Birmingham Rescue Society—who has recently paid a long visit to Canada, where he made considerable personal investigation into the results of emigration—read an instructive paper upon “The Emigration of Poor Law Children.” One of the best signs of the progress of Poor Law work during the past few years has been the great attention devoted to the admittedly difficult problem of placing out young people in the world when the time arrives for their leaving Poor Law Institutions. The Catholic Guardians' Association can claim some credit for having led the way in directing the attention of Guardians towards the value of emigration of young people to Canada. Not only did it arrange for a small party of Guardians to visit the Dominion a few years ago, but repeatedly at its Conferences it has urged upon Catholic Guardians to bring before their Boards the fruitful possibilities of the work. All Catholic social workers must rejoice that the different Catholic agencies for emigration in this country have now united into one strong organization, and, if one may judge by the character of the paper under consideration, the work would appear to be in capable hands, and should make rapid progress in the future. Father Hudson described at some length the helpful impetus given to emigration by the action of the Local Government Board in 1903, and the prominence accorded to it owing to the various schemes for State systems of emigration—such as that formulated by Mrs. Close at the beginning of the present year—which have been publicly discussed.

No one can deny the advantages accruing to young people from Poor Law Institutions through being sent to begin a new life across the Atlantic. The results obtained by the Catholic Emigration Association are beyond dispute. Can any system for placing out young people in this country claim that between ninety-eight and ninety-nine per cent. of its cases are successful? Of course the methods adopted by the Association undoubtedly very largely account for this low percentage of failures. It has a capable agent in Canada. Children are only placed in the country, far away from the towns, with farmers whose suitability for receiving them has been tested, and the former still remain under the guardianship of the agent, who visits them regularly. Of course they are only located with Catholic employers, where they will have an opportunity of practising their religion. Thus the future of the child is secured both spiritually and temporally. In the case of children with vicious parents or relations in England, can any better scheme be devised than to give them such an opportunity in Canada, thousands of miles away from their early evil surroundings which have led to their being inmates of Poor Law Institutions?

Obviously the advantage of such an arrangement cannot be questioned, but there are many debatable points concerning emigration at the present time, with one of which Father Hudson in our opinion dealt very effectively. He strongly condemned schemes such as that outlined by Mrs. Close, for the establishment of Farm Colonies or Village Homes for Poor Law children in Canada, under the control of a Board of Delegates from the various Boards of Guardians concerned. The fatal objection to it is that it practically means introducing the English Poor Law system into Canada, whereas the strongest recommendation of emigration so far has always been, that it completely severed the connection between the child and the Poor Law, and placed any children emigrated into a Canadian home upon level terms with those already there. Moreover, some people are apt to consider the voluntary associations already existing to be free agents in dealing with the children, whereas they are under the supervision both of the Government at home and of the authorities in the Dominion. Unquestionably there is a distinct advantage in removing the children concerned from the hands of the Poor Law, and of placing them under the care of voluntary organizations, the value of whose efforts have been proved by many years of successful work. Father Hudson

would therefore seem to have right on his side in pressing for increased support for the organizations already in existence, as against the carrying out of new schemes which will act in direct opposition to the recognized principles maintained so far in the emigration of children.

In the discussion which followed, considerable prominence was given to the question of emigrating young children between the ages of nine and twelve, and a resolution was moved and carried asking the Local Government Board to allow Boards of Guardians to pay for such cases. It seems to the writer that it is to be regretted the matter was not more fully debated. It may be that those in its favour have very good reason for their view, but taking into account the many difficulties experienced in England in boarding out children of school age, it does not appear unreasonable to expect that greater difficulties might arise in Canada, where the organization of regular inspection would not be easier, owing to the distances to be covered. But this is quite apart from the matter of Father Hudson's paper, which was strongly supported by all those who took part in the discussion, and came from one who had been to Canada and tested the value of the emigration work personally.

To one practical result of the Conference—the formation of a Diocesan Branch of the Guardians' Association—reference has already been made. The social side of the arrangements was in evidence in a reception by the Bishop in the evening, followed by a dinner, which was very largely attended.

On the second day of the Conference a round of visits was paid to various Catholic institutions in and about Birmingham, dealing with different phases of Poor Law work, including the Home for Working Boys and the Home for Working Girls in the city itself, the Poor Law School for Girls at Handsworth, and the Poor Law School for Boys at Coleshill. The writer, unfortunately, was unable to remain for these visits, but learns that they gave much satisfaction to those who made them, evidencing as they do that the Birmingham Diocese is building on solid foundations in its Poor Law work. These visits have always proved a valuable feature of the Annual Conferences, in that they afford Guardians from different districts an opportunity of judging of the standard of the work of their colleagues in other parts of the country, and, not infrequently, of learning much therefrom. In this connection it was instructive to be able also to visit, thanks to the kind invitation

of the superintendent, Mr. Jones, the Birmingham Corporation Industrial School, which is a model institution of its kind, both with regard to its buildings and its administration.

Certainly, the recent Catholic Guardians' Conference has equalled in every way the recognized value and usefulness of its predecessors, and if its practical outcome is imitated in other dioceses in the country, the Catholic Guardians' Association will greatly rejoice that it transferred its annual meeting from London to Birmingham in the year 1905.

JOHN W. GILBERT.

Honour's Glassy Bubble.

A STORY OF THREE GENERATIONS.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER IV.

MATCH-MAKING.

HERR VON SCHWERTENECK'S visit, begun so auspiciously, had somehow ended in disappointment to the chief parties concerned, although Christian as he drove home vainly cudgelled his brains for an explanation of Lona's sudden change of manner towards himself. Little accustomed to the society of women, and having had few opportunities of studying their moods, he could only vaguely conjecture that he must somehow or other have made a blunder, must unwittingly have done something to hurt, or at least alarm, her girlish susceptibilities, but the how or why were beyond his comprehension. He strove, however, to derive consolation from the thought that blunders could be repaired, and that having once obtained the entrance to Castle Stillberg, it would go hard indeed if he did not turn his opportunities to better account next time.

As for Lona, her feelings towards the visitor had undergone as many changes and fluctuations as an April day. Having begun by experiencing acute disappointment because Herr von Schwerteneck was just himself and not the other man she had hoped to see, she had presently found comfort in reflecting that being the friend of Coco's captor, he would doubtless have news to give of him. Independently, however, of this reflected glory wherewith he was being erroneously invested, Christian had on his own account produced a distinctly favourable impression by the tact and delicacy wherewith he had responded to the hint regarding her mother. Then just as the first difficulty had been surmounted and they had got into friendly, almost

intimate conversation, she had found herself, so to say, pulled up short against a blank wall of something so nearly resembling hostility, that she was surprised to discover it within herself. The favourable impression of just now had somehow vanished, put to flight by what Lona chose to consider Herr von Schwerteneck's callousness in alluding to her young hero's wound, and his decisive repudiation of the notion of regarding him otherwise than as a mere passing acquaintance.

So that upon the whole, after carefully summing up the situation, Lona thought that she did not particularly care for her new acquaintance.

Her grandfather and brother, however, not being biassed by any such complicated network of latent feelings and impressions, had, each from his own point of view, unconditionally approved of the visitor.

"It is a relief to meet a man who has travelled so much with open eyes and has got his own ideas—not borrowed ones—about people and things," Angus had remarked, with a rather weary sigh. "To an unfortunate cripple like myself it is like a whiff of bracing mountain air to listen to his conversation. I hope he will come here soon again."

"As fine a fellow as I have seen for a long time," remarked Attila. "Only it seems a pity that he has doffed the soldier's coat. No one could take him for anything but a military man, to whom steel spurs and a cavalry sword are as natural adjuncts as his broad shoulders and deep bass voice."

A few days later Castle Stillberg had another guest, and this time the visit was wholly unattended by any disappointment to Lona.

She had been sitting on a shady bench in the avenue one forenoon, when the trampling sound of approaching horses caused her to look up startled from her book. A rider, followed closely by a second one, was coming down the avenue at a brisk trot, two brilliant figures garbed in blue and scarlet cloth, whose hues were rendered yet more gorgeous by the morning sunshine drawing fitful flashes from gold buttons and steel scabbards.

And in the next moment *He* himself stood before her, having at her sight abruptly reined up and vaulted to the ground with an exclamation of undisguised delight. Holding the horse's reins loosely looped over his left arm, he advanced to take her hand with the familiar confidence of established intimacy.

"How fortunate, how very fortunate, to find you here; I was

trembling all the way lest you might not be at home after all, and this is the very first day this week that I was able to get away from the squadron."

"We are always at home," returned Lona, flushing all over in happy confusion. "Grandpapa and Angus never go outside the park, and so, of course, I too have to stay here."

"Except, of course, when Master Coco compels you to take a steeplechase across country."

"Oh, but that was quite an accident! Really, really, I never go out of the immediate grounds," and she blushed again yet more vividly at the thought of what a dreadful figure she must have presented on that occasion, in her short and faded last year's pink muslin skirt. Certainly she would never, never wear it again. How lucky that she happened to be properly dressed to-day in this new white *piqué* frock, that had only been put on twice before! Then suddenly remembering that it behoved her to play the part of a well-bred and grown-up young lady, she added:

"You have been kind enough to ride all the way from Sanct Peter to call upon us. My grandfather and brother will, I am sure, be delighted to make your acquaintance."

"I came to see you," returned the young man, with disarming frankness. "Of course I shall be very glad to know your family by-and-by if you will present me. But need that be quite at once? This bench looks so cool and pleasant, and it would be such a grateful relief to rest here a little after the long, hot ride. You will surely permit me? A thousand thanks. And may I tell my orderly to take the horses round to the stables meanwhile? Here, Franz, take Ciganka, and do not let her drink until she is quite cool—and, stay, give me the basket; take care, you brilliant blockhead, you are holding it upside down! It will be entirely your fault if the unfortunate animal gets a congestion of blood to the brain!"

"What have you got there?" inquired Lona, slightly mystified on beholding a large market-basket, which undoubtedly formed an unusual and startling addition to the uniform accoutrement of a cavalry soldier.

"Guess!" said the young officer, with a ring of anticipated triumph in his voice.

"Why it looks as if you had been to market on the way here, and had laid in provisions for a siege. Fruit or vegetables perhaps?"

"Wrong. It is something alive—very much so indeed."

"Ducks or fowls?"

"Wrong again. You will certainly never guess, so I had better tell you at once that my errand here to-day is that of a match-maker."

"A match-maker! What on earth can you possibly mean?" asked Lona, again rather self-conscious and blushing.

"I mean that I have brought a bride for Coco. Don't you see that if he has got a wife he will probably become more domestic in his tastes and habits, and will not think again of trying to escape? Nothing like matrimony for consolidating the character of a squirrel or, or—a man."

"Another squirrel!" cried Lona, clapping her hands with an expression of delight that was perhaps just a little overdone, in order to mask a fresh wave of confusion caused by the termination of his phrase, and yet more by the glance that had accompanied it. "How very, very good of you, and how charmed Coco will be to have a companion. But how troublesome it must have been for your servant to carry it this long distance on horseback."

"Oh, that was half the fun of the thing, for of course it is strictly forbidden for a soldier in uniform to carry anything so unconventional and unmilitary looking as a market basket; so Franz and I had to dodge about in ambush till we had got well clear of the houses and barracks. It felt just like real war, and trying to outwit an enemy. If by any chance I had happened to meet my captain or colonel, there would of course have been the very devil to pay."

"What would have happened?"

"A week's arrest at the very least, or possibly a fortnight," he returned, with as bright a smile as though it had been the most exquisite joke in the world. "Our new colonel is a regular martinet, a sort of up-to-date improved edition of Nero or Caligula. He thirsts for our blood as did Herod for that of the innocent babes, and to punish and torture an unfortunate subaltern is to him as the very breath of his nostrils. You really have no notion of what a dog's life we are compelled to lead, performing an eternal egg dance between the dictates of stern duty, and such harmless little pleasures as we are able to snatch on the sly."

Lona felt innocently horrified at the conjured up vision of the dangers this young hero had been running for her sake;

but his boyish gaiety was so irresistibly infectious that she could not help joining in the ringing laughter that echoed along the shady aisles of the horse-chestnut-tree avenue, to mingle with the glad chorus of bird voices overhead, singing their eternal and traditional love-lays to their unfledged nestlings. And thus between careless jest and laughter, that like a glittering, spangled curtain shrouding the entrance of some holy shrine, seemed to hover over and disguise a deeper, more tender language, which as yet all unconsciously their souls were beginning to speak, an hour sped by on golden wings, until the sound of the castle bell ringing the mid-day hour, struck upon Lona's ear with a sense of half-guilty surprise.

"Twelve o'clock!" she exclaimed, rising hastily. "We must come in at once, for dinner is in half an hour."

Taking a short cut to the house that led through a side alley, they presently overtook the bath-chair in which Angus was being wheeled home, very slowly and carefully, for having had one of his worst attacks of pain in the night he was in a state of complete exhaustion.

Hearing happy, laughing voices close behind him, he wearily turned his head in their direction, with a little faint surprise that in a world which for him had become darker than any tomb, there should still be people capable of indulging in such foolish, incongruous merriment. He had almost forgotten that only a short time ago he himself had paced these same walks with a girl, in whom he had believed to have found the supremest bliss that life can give. Little more than two years had elapsed since those halcyon days, yet they now appeared as distantly remote as though they had belonged to another life; as irrevocably sundered from his present existence as a well-nigh forgotten dream. Already he felt like an old man,—O God! how inexpressibly old and weary in the midst of this bright summer world, that in its irrelevant and irrational gaiety seemed to be making merry mockery of his utter misery.

The sight of his sister, radiant and beautiful as he had never before seen her, accompanied by a supremely handsome young man, who was regarding her with eyes full of eloquent passion, told him the secret she herself had not guessed as yet. Poor little Lona! So it had come to her already, although but yesterday he had regarded her as the merest child; that beautiful and terrible thing called Love, in whose most intoxicating cup of bliss some drops of poison ever lurk. Would she

also find this out some day? Or would fate be kinder to her than to her unfortunate brother?

The sudden appearance on the scene of a young cavalry lieutenant, encumbered, moreover, by a basket containing a live squirrel, might have proved somewhat of a perplexing and embarrassing situation to all concerned, but embarrassment was a quality absolutely foreign to the young officer's nature, whose boyish grace and easy assumption of taking the sympathy and good-will of his fellows for granted, invariably carried him triumphant through the most trying ordeals. After introducing himself to Angus as Count George Wilding, Lieutenant in the 19th Lancers, he had presently established his claim to be regarded as a friend by taking over the management of the bath-chair, which he pushed forward as deftly and smoothly as though this had been his habitual occupation for years, while keeping up an easy and animated flow of chatter, that brought an occasional faint smile of amusement to the invalid's pale lips.

Nor was his introduction to the terrible old grandfather less successful, for Attila was always favourably disposed towards any one wearing a uniform, and, moreover, a uniform that sat so gallantly and becomingly on its owner. An invitation to join the family dinner-party was given and accepted almost as a matter of course; and by the conclusion of the meal no one would have thought of regarding George Wilding as a stranger.

It was nearly four o'clock when he rose to take leave, but before going—as he explained to Lona in a confidential aside—he would like to witness and direct the first meeting between Coco and his fair bride-elect.

"In my quality of match-maker it is my sacred duty to assure myself of the happiness of the young couple whose fate I have presumed to settle."

Coco's cage was accordingly brought down to the drawing-room, and its door being opened with infinite precautions the second squirrel—a small dark creature with large timid eyes—was cautiously admitted into the habitation.

The meeting did not, however, entirely justify expectations. Coco being in one of his sulky moods to-day, and having settled down to an after-dinner *siesta*, in the nest of wool and moss that Lona had so ingeniously constructed for her pet, appeared most contradictory and disinclined for female society just now. For no lady, be she never so fair, was it, in his opinion, worth while to

run the risk of possible derangement to his digestion ; and Coco had but lately concluded a copious meal of hazel-nuts and biscuit. Barely condescending therefore to raise one heavy eyelid for a moment to bestow an apathetic glance upon the new-comer, Coco relapsed into slumber.

"I am afraid that he is a confirmed bachelor, and evidently more energetic measures will be required in order to drag our friend to the hymeneal altar," remarked Lieutenant Wilding, introducing an ivory paper-cutter through the cage bars, and with it bestowing some rather lively pokes upon the squirrel's furry ribs. "Ah ! You are roused at last, Master Coco. I thought so !"

There was an angry cluck, which in squirrel language might be taken to signify, "A plague upon womankind ! Is an unfortunate man not to be allowed to enjoy his *siesta* without being disturbed by their bold and unseemly advances !" as Coco, now fully awakened and bristling all over with righteous indignation, leapt from his nest ; and like a bloodthirsty tiger intent upon prey, he sprang upon his bride-elect, who crouched in quaking terror at the furthest corner of the cage, emitted piteous squeals of pain, as Coco's sharp teeth fastened upon her tender neck.

With some difficulty the two struggling animals were torn asunder, and Coco was relegated in deep disgrace to the basket, while his ill-used bride, now enthroned in the solitary grandeur of the cage, was petted and made much of ; comforted by a lump of sugar as well as by the most endearing epithets lavished upon it by its new mistress.

"They will get on better by-and-by," remarked Wilding as he finally took leave of Lona, holding her hand rather firmly clasped within his own. "Perhaps it is the fashion amongst squirrels to begin their courting with a little aversion, and their union will be all the happier for these slight ante-nuptial stormy passages. But I confess that I am disappointed in Coco. *He* at all events has evidently not fallen in love at first sight. Squirrels are different from us, I suppose."

CHAPTER V.

VENI—VIDI—VICI.

IT appeared but natural that Count Wilding should call again within the week in order anxiously to inquire how the squirrel *ménage* was getting on; and he was much relieved to hear that despite the inauspicious prelude to their union, they were now living in perfect harmony and inseparable as a pair of devoted turtle-doves.

Then a few days later he came again, his ostensible mission this time being to restore to Lona the precious pocket-handkerchief wherewith she had so obligingly bound up his wounded hand on the occasion of their first meeting. If such in reality had been his errand, then it was certainly a curious proof of absent-mindedness on the young man's part, that having produced the piece of freshly washed and ironed cambric, he had contented himself with merely showing it to Lona, after which, seemingly overlooking the gesture of her outstretched hand, he had deliberately folded up the handkerchief again and restored it to his pocket.

Neither did Lona make any attempt to reclaim her property at the moment, but when subsequently she found herself alone, much time and thought were devoted to the attempt of unravelling this interesting problem.

"Did he really forget to give back the handkerchief?" she mused, drawing up her dark eyebrows in pretty perplexity, as was her invariable habit at moments of doubt or reflection. "Or—or did he do it on purpose, I wonder?"

After the handkerchief episode George Wilding frequently made his appearance at Castle Stillberg, displaying remarkable ingenuity in devising fresh plausible excuses each time for explaining his presence, until by-and-by such pretexts appeared wholly superfluous, and it came to be regarded as a perfectly natural arrangement that he was to ride over from the cavalry station two or three times a week to dine and spend the whole afternoon at Castle Stillberg; sometimes indeed remaining there till after the supper hour, returning home by moonlight in a state of blissful intoxication that owed nothing to the fiery and potent wines that his host, with true Hungarian hospitality, invariably insisted on pressing upon him, to be almost as invariably refused or at least partaken of with extreme moderation.

This excessive forbearance in his cups was the sole defect the old Hungarian had been able to discover in their new acquaintance, who otherwise was as fine and spirited a young fellow as he wished to see, and on one occasion Attila had even attempted with rough good humour to rally him upon what he could not but regard as an abnormal and distressing peculiarity.

"A soldier should be able to drink his three bottles without turning a hair, or habits have sadly degenerated since my day."

"Then my education is still evidently incomplete," retorted Wilding, with one of his bright, disarming smiles, "for I cannot yet reach the end of one bottle without experiencing a disagreeable sensation of machinery in my brain, and two bottles would, I am firmly convinced, be sufficient to turn me into a helpless idiot. But you see I am only entering upon my novitiate, so perhaps I shall do better by-and-by. There are many hard drinkers in our regiment even now, so it will certainly not be for lack of good example if I fail to attain the approved standard in time."

And as, apart from this one defect in Attila's eyes, young Wilding was indeed a perfect type of a light-cavalry officer, this isolated deficiency was not permitted to weigh very heavily in the balance against him, and there was no one at Castle Stillberg capable of resisting the charm of a personality that had the secret of imparting sunshine wheresoever it went. Dulness was an element that could not possibly thrive where George Wilding was present; it fled at his approach like bats before dawn. Not Lona only, but everyone else soon came to realize that something was lacking on the days when this eagerly-expected visitor failed to appear, and that likewise in his company the rainiest afternoons were apt to slip by as gaily and brightly as the most glorious midsummer days. He taught new tricks to Lona's black poodle, and kept Attila amused by a frank and ingenuous account of the many scrapes he had got into since putting on the uniform some two years previously. In his presence Angus could at moments almost forget his blighted existence, and even into Mabel's melancholy blue eyes there would sometimes come a fitful gleam of something resembling intelligence as they rested upon this bright young face.

Perhaps, if very closely analyzed, nothing that George Wilding said or did was very remarkable; but then who ever pauses to analyze the precise fascination pertaining to a

sunbeam, a rainbow, or a dancing firefly? His charm was but the eternal charm of youth, whose innate exuberance, rising foamlike above life's dull, turbid waters, will always, whatsoever pedantic wiseacres may choose to assert, bear away the palm over mere bald virtue, worth, or wisdom.

Herr von Schwerteneck had likewise become a regular, if not as yet a frequent visitor, at Castle Stillberg; he brought books and pamphlets for Angus to read, and had even presumed to present Lona with a clutch of eggs of a particularly curious breed of blue Andalusian fowls, regarding which she had displayed some casual interest. The gift was accepted with sweet amiability, and Lona really experienced a passing touch of remorse when some two weeks later she discovered the egg-basket, standing forgotten and covered with dead rose-leaves, beneath that same bush of *Géant de Bataille* roses, where it had been placed on the day of its arrival. The eggs had gone bad by this time and had of course to be thrown away as worthless, and she sincerely regretted the loss of the expected chickens. She had firmly intended to take down the basket containing the eggs to the farm that very same evening, but was it her fault if she had forgotten all about it? Count Wilding had happened to arrive just after Herr von Schwerteneck's departure, bringing with him a new air-gun for indoor amusement on rainy days; and of course that had driven the eggs completely out of her head. It was really quite impossible to remember so many things at once, and Lona had so much, so very much to think of just now!

As Christian von Schwerteneck had never happened to meet Count George Wilding on the occasion of any of his visits to the Castle, he was of course far from suspecting the existence of a rival; and even when in course of conversation the name of Count Wilding was casually mentioned, this conveyed no sense of serious alarm to his mind. The young officer in his eyes was a mere boy whom it would have been almost ludicrous to associate with any serious matrimonial intentions.

At the beginning of July, Herr von Schwerteneck was obliged to undertake a journey to Germany for the purpose of purchasing some new sorts of fruit-trees for his orchard. He remained away over a fortnight; and it was during that time that he began to see clearly in his own heart, and came to understand the depth of the feeling that attached him to Lona. It had almost frightened him to realize how dull and empty

the days had become now that he was bereft of the chance of seeing her by the simple expedient of ordering his carriage to be brought round, and how with feverish, irrational impatience he had begun to count the days and hours, almost the minutes, that must elapse before he should again be within her reach.

This torture was almost unbearable, he decided, as he came to the resolve of putting his fate to the touch as soon as he should be back at Fahrafeld.

After all, what need was there of further delay? Albeit singularly devoid of personal vanity, he could not but tell himself that alike by family, fortune, and position, he must be regarded, if not precisely as a brilliant, yet as a fairly eligible suitor for Baron Hunvalagi-Stillberg's grand-daughter, and that in all probability the vicinity of their respective estates would be an additional point in his favour. It was all therefore a question of winning the young girl's heart, and why should he not be the lucky man to do so, since he was—or believed himself to be—the first in the field?

Having, accordingly, shortened his projected stay at Erfurt by several days, and having travelled all night in order to reach his home in the early morning hours, Christian von Schwerteneck, that same afternoon, set off on horseback on his momentous errand, his heart beating high with joyful anticipation, and in his waistcoat pocket a little jewel-case containing the ruby and diamond ring he had selected in Germany, as being the one most worthy of her acceptance.

It was one of those glorious midsummer afternoons that come to us sometimes between two thunderstorms. Yesterday's storm had cleared the air so that though hot, it was no longer oppressive; and to-morrow's thunder was still too far away to taint the atmosphere.

To Christian as he rode along, urging the willing horse to a perfectly irrational rate of speed, considering the thermometer which marked 80° in the shade, it seemed as though the road had grown perceptibly longer since his last visit, but it was only on reaching the little village of Stillberg, that he paused to reflect in what manner it would be most expedient to set about his wooing. It would be intolerable to find Lona in the presence of her relations, and perhaps be obliged to spend an hour talking commonplaces ere he had the opportunity of a word in private. Maybe by some lucky chance he could meet her alone before entering the house. He was aware that Lona

was in the habit of roaming the park by herself, and he likewise knew her favourite seat, a certain old moss-grown bench, advantageously screened by the overhanging branches of an ancient horse-chestnut-tree.

Dismounting accordingly in front of the village parsonage, he led his horse into the stables of his old friend, Father Martin, and there made it fast. Then he walked up into the park, through a side entrance, and struck into one of the less-frequented paths, that as he knew would presently bring him in sight of the particular bench where instinct told him he would surely find that which he had come to seek.

Nor had he been mistaken, for there, just peeping through the leafy screen of branches, was not that the flutter of a light summer frock? A minute more and she herself would be visible; his blissful eyes would rest upon that beloved face for whose sight his aching heart had been yearning for two weeks—two eternities.

Stepping softly, and with almost reverential awe, as though approaching a holy sanctuary, a dozen steps more over the mossy carpet that deadened his footsteps brought Christian in full sight of the bench where Lona indeed was sitting.

But she was not alone, for by her side, so close that their figures formed but one outline, a young cavalry officer was seated. His audacious arm was round her waist, her head rested confidently on his shoulder, and their lips——

Christian did not wait to see more, but staggering back as though he had received a sudden blow on the head, sought refuge behind a massive beech-tree that effectually masked his figure from view, as a stricken animal instinctively seeks to hide its death wound.

How long he stood there faint and trembling, wrestling with that terrible agony that comes to strong men but once in a lifetime, Christian von Schwerteneck never knew. When after a long, a very long time, he had regained sufficient self-possession to bear to look again, to see with his own eyes and assure himself that the vision he had thought to see was not merely a hallucination of the senses, a terrible nightmare, the bench was empty.

Then Christian von Schwerteneck did a singular thing. Taking a large clasp-knife from his pocket he began to dig a hole beneath the tree, against the trunk of which he had leant for support during that period of mortal agony, a hole so deep as almost

to resemble a miniature grave. Then, when he deemed the hole to be sufficiently deep for the purpose, he took from his pocket the little morocco leather jewel-case that had been placed there with such preposterous hopes but a few hours previously, and laid it in the ground very softly and tenderly, as one may bury a new-born infant that has scarce opened its eyes to close them again for ever. When he had covered it over, and stamped down the earth on the top so as to preclude all possibility of discovery, he again took up his clasp-knife and with it hacked away at the smooth, silvery bark of the beech trunk until a figure roughly resembling a broken anchor stood out in bold relief from the surrounding hollow, beneath which he added the date of the day, month, and year.

"Not that I am likely ever to forget the spot," he said to himself bitterly, as he turned away to leave the Stillberg park as surreptitiously as he had entered.

CHAPTER VI.

GOLDEN DAYS.

LONA'S engagement, announced on the following day, met with universal approval both in and outside the walls of Castle Stillberg; for although Count George Wilding was but twenty-two years old, and the younger son of an old German family, he was nevertheless possessed of a very tidy fortune of his own, inherited from his deceased mother, a Polish lady who had been his father's second wife.

The absolute fitness of this projected union of two young beings, both handsome, well-connected, and deliriously in love, was too self-evident to admit of question or argument. It seemed impossible to deny that Providence in creating George had specially designed him with a view to become Lona's fitting mate, nor that Lona had been born solely in order to recognize this fact, as soon as Fate had caused their lives to cross. Predestined for each other, they had been drawn together by a law of Nature as imperious and irresistible as the instinct that causes birds to pair in spring-time, or the first butterflies on escaping their chrysalis, to flutter two and two in the April sunshine.

Contrary to all traditional precedent, the course of their ardent young love ran phenomenally smooth. There was not

the smallest hitch to be recorded in the programme, not the tiniest obstacle or barrier to be surmounted. Even the stern Austrian military code that so often steps in to place unexpected spokes in hymeneal wheels would seem to have been directly bribed by Fate to join the general conspiracy of hastening on the marriage with feverish eagerness.

Thus the date of the wedding having been fixed for the middle of October, scarce three months after their betrothal, the rest of the summer passed by like one long, delirious dream of happiness, too fast almost for the full, lingering enjoyment of the many exquisite surprises and episodes that, like a string of priceless pearls cunningly arranged by an expert hand, appeared to grow in lustre and brilliancy as the end of their term approached.

And surely never had there been such a summer before, thought Lona; so bright, so gay, so brilliantly perfect in its every detail, without a single discord in the forest chorus, or a flaw in the arrangement of the flowery garlands flung broadcast over field and hedges, as though placed there in order to celebrate the happy event of her betrothal. When before had the sunshine been so golden, the moonlight so exquisitely silvery, the rainbows so radiantly multi-coloured, as just this particular summer?

And even when, in course of nature, the summer flowers had withered and gone the way of all flesh, their spangled beauty was not missed in the landscape. The hues of beech and maple and dying fern had promptly stepped in to fill their places; and like some old faded volume that has been gorgeously re-bound in crimson and gold, the year in its approaching decay was even more brilliant than it had been at the zenith of midsummer glory.

Among the visitors who had called at Castle Stillberg in order to present their congratulations upon the auspicious event, was Herr von Schwerteneck. A fortnight had elapsed since that day when he had dug a grave beneath the beech-tree, but barring the fact that his face looked somewhat drawn and pale, there was nothing in his appearance calculated to betray his secret to any but a super-sensitive eye.

"Have you been ill?" questioned Angus, irresistibly drawn with the instinct of chronic suffering towards the fellow-pain he thought to read on another face.

"I have been working rather hard superintending the

tying-up of the hops. It is fatiguing work in this sultry weather."

"Strange! But you are not tanned or sunburnt, only pale."

"That is because I always wear a wide Panama hat in order to preserve the beauty of my complexion," returned Christian, with a somewhat forced smile.

Lona, of course, failed to notice anything abnormal about Christian's appearance, and when in a few appropriate words, carefully rehearsed beforehand, he had wished her all the happiness she deserved, the congratulations were accepted with a careless good humour almost harder to bear than any mark of coldness or reserve would have been.

"Thank you," she said, stretching out her hand with an unusually cordial gesture, for being so supremely happy herself she was brimming over with friendly feelings towards all other fellow-creatures. "Of course we shall be happy, and George will be so pleased to have you for his friend, for you are going to be his friend, of course. You cannot now say, as you did once before, that he is a mere passing acquaintance. Angus is your friend and so am I, therefore, naturally, by a plain logical deduction, my husband and Angus' brother-in-law cannot possibly be anything else but your friend as well." And she laughed, a soft little laugh of perfect content and confidence in the future.

Christian dropped her hand rather hastily.

"Your logic is flawless," he said, in a peculiar tone. "Of course I now regard Count Wilding as something quite different from a mere acquaintance."

Lona felt vaguely distressed and uncomfortable by something in tone and manner that eluded her comprehension.

"Perhaps he is still huffy about those eggs," she reflected. Then, aloud: "I have always forgotten to apologize for my thoughtlessness in forgetting all about your kind gift of the blue Andalusian eggs. Such a pity that they were spoilt! I really shall never forgive myself!"

"Pray do not mention it. Such a thing might happen to any one. Why I myself have just lost over a hundred cuttings of white pineapple strawberries that were lately sent to me from Erfurt. I clean forgot to have them unpacked, and now, of course, my poor strawberries are all dried up and dead. A quite unpardonable piece of negligence on the part of a farmer, and

of course there was no rational excuse for forgetfulness in *my* case."

The only person whose congratulations were not forthcoming was Mabel, and it was in vain that Lona had endeavoured to make her mother understand how happy, how very happy she was, and that Mabel must now learn to regard George Wilding as a son.

"What is his name?" she had asked, when the young officer had been presented to her in the character of Lona's *fiancé* and future husband.

"He is called George—George Wilding. My own George, don't you understand, mother?" explained Lona, laying her head against his shoulder, as though by the act to emphasize and assert her proprietorship of this surely most desirable and adorable individual.

"George, do you say? It was St. George that killed the dragon, but how can that be, since I know that it is still alive. I can hear the dragon prowling round the house every night seeking further prey to satisfy his cruel appetite, for he is always hungry, and will not rest until he has destroyed us all. No, child, you are mistaken, this is not St. George at all, and he will never, never kill the dragon. His sword is not nearly sharp enough, I tell you."

Then Mabel had turned away, relapsing into her habitual state of apathy, to resume her mechanical walk up and down the room like a caged wild animal whose interest in outside objects has been deadened by long years of captivity.

When George, in the second half of August, had been compelled to absent himself in order to take part in the cavalry manoeuvres at some distance from Sanct Peter, the two weeks' separation from her bridegroom had appeared an almost unbearable hardship to Lona. Fourteen long weary days to be dragged through, deprived of the light of his smile, the music of his voice. Would they ever, ever come to an end! Without the consolation of his long, daily letters, conned over and over again till she knew them by heart, Lona was convinced that she never could have survived this cruel ordeal! The postman's daily visit to the castle was the one precious moment in the day for which she lived; and that moment once passed and the letter answered, she would begin again mournfully to reckon that twenty-three hours more must elapse ere a gleam of sunshine would return.

But the rapture of re-union in the first days of September was ample compensation for the pain of absence, for they had now the blissful assurance of never again being parted save for a few passing hours. Every afternoon, either on horseback or bicycle, George would appear at Castle Stillberg, to go away each time more deeply in love, and more impatient for the happy day when he need no longer go away alone.

And the eve of that day dawned at last. It was the 15th of October, and George had come out to Stillberg, in a carriage this time, bringing with him his elder step-brother, Count Rudolf Wilding, come hither to assist at the ceremony in the character of best man.

In view of the peculiar circumstances of the Hunvalagi-Stillberg family, the wedding was to be a very quiet one, celebrated in the village church and confined to a strictly family circle. Old Count Wilding, George's father, had been prevented from attending by an acute attack of gout, but Rudolf was the bearer of his love and paternal blessing, as well as of a handsome diamond and ruby necklace for the fair young bride.

Uncle Duncan, upon whose presence at her wedding Lona had firmly counted, was not to be prevailed upon to leave his native country again. He had brought away with him no very agreeable reminiscences of his first visit to Castle Stillberg, and was not inclined to repeat the experiment. Mr. Bruce was, moreover, still feeling sore at having lost Lona, whom he had proposed to adopt, almost in the same manner as he had lost her mother; and at his age a second disappointment is less easy to get over than a first one. But he, too, sent valuable gifts to Lona, although some symptoms of latent irritation were discernible between the lines of his otherwise kind and affectionate letter.

Rudolf Wilding, some twelve years older than George (for they were step-brothers), was a quiet, gentlemanlike, somewhat *blasé*-looking man of about thirty-four, addicted to amateur photography and the study of numismatics, who for some years past had been vaguely and lazily contemplating matrimony, without ever having been able to summon up sufficient energy for the requisite effort. Neither love nor matrimony appeared to him specially amusing, although as an elder son and heir to large entailed estates, he knew that duty pointed that way. He looked almost old enough, and certainly staid enough, to be George's father, and had none of his brother's buoyant spirits

and fascination of manner. Just now he was experiencing a mild, semi-affectionate, semi-contemptuous wonder on realizing the feverish impetuosity wherewith this younger brother, whom he still regarded as an overgrown schoolboy, was rushing into the matrimonial abyss with such evident delight.

But he thoroughly approved of George's choice in a grave parental fashion, reflecting that should this young couple accomplish their natural and self-evident destiny by having a numerous progeny, he might perhaps after all be spared the effort of marrying. It was trouble enough in his opinion to be obliged to assist at other people's weddings, without being called upon to enact the chief part in such a fatiguing ceremony.

Therefore, when he had spent a couple of hours at Castle Stillberg, saying the right thing to everyone concerned, and conveying a general impression of languid and aristocratic good nature, Count Rudolf Wilding considered that, having amply discharged his duty by the family, an exit might be permissible.

"Come, George," he said, looking at his watch. "It is nearly six o'clock, so we had better make tracks for home, since we shall all have to be early afoot to-morrow. Besides, did I not hear those fellows say something about a farewell supper to be given in your honour to-night?"

"Yes," responded George, rather ruefully. "I suppose we shall have to be going, and there is no escaping that wretched supper, I fear. An awful infliction, but they mean it well, poor chaps, and the banquet is supposed to be a delicate tribute to my infantine charms, as well as to express their absolute broken-heartedness at losing such a precious pet as Ducky-Darling,—my nickname in the regiment. I cannot well refuse them the melancholy consolation of a farewell bumper drunk together before I am invested with matrimonial dignities."

"Then let us go at once," said Rudolf, rising from his chair. "It will take us over an hour to reach Sanct Peter."

But it proved no such easy matter to get George under way, and his brother, with some impatience and a little indolent amusement, presently began to realize what a lengthy and complicated proceeding a lover's parting is apt to be, and what manifold excuses and ingenious pretexts can be pressed into service in order to secure just five minutes more whispered conversation, or indulge in a covert last embrace.

First it was George who had something of the utmost

importance to whisper into his bride's ear; and then it was Lona who came running after the carriage to remind George on no account to forget to bring the wedding-rings to-morrow morning.

"That would be dreadful, would it not, for then we could not be married, and would have to wait another whole day!"

"Nonsense! Why, I should more easily forget my own head! And even if I did, what would that matter? There are plenty of old curtain-rings in the castle, no doubt, that would serve our purpose quite as efficiently, though perhaps less elegantly than the gold ones."

"But I don't want to be married with a curtain-ring," said Lona with a little pout, "so make sure that you bring the right ones. You know, George, that you have never been married before, and everything in life has to be learnt."

"And you have been married, of course, my wise little lady? Pray why did you not mention that trifling fact before? How many husbands have you had, pray? And what did they all die of?"

"George, you are a goose! No wonder they all call you Ducky-Darling at the regiment, for ducks, you know, are first cousins to geese."

"Then by this time to-morrow you will also be related by marriage to those estimable fowls that saved the Capitol."

"Are we never going to drive on, George?" now mildly inquired the long-suffering brother, who had been watching these proceedings with languid amusement, while reflecting what a very pair of children were these two young creatures, who seemed apparently to be regarding matrimony as an amusing game that was to go on for ever, rather than anything connected with the earnest of life.

"Just one moment more, Rudolf," exclaimed the younger brother, vaulting from the carriage and drawing Lona towards him for what was really to be the final leave-taking. "I had almost forgotten that this is the very last time I shall have the chance of kissing my bride. Think of that, now, and be merciful, if you have a heart!"

"Now you are talking nonsense again," feebly protested Lona.

"Not nonsense at all. I shall never again have my bride to myself, for when you leave the church to-morrow morning you will have become Countess Wilding, quite a different

person." Then in her ear he murmured so low that his brother could not catch the words:

"My love! My life! My very own wife! How shall I ever live through this last night that keeps us apart! Seventeen long hours till we meet before the altar!"

A minute more and they were driving away down the avenue. Rudolf had now taken over the reins, determined that there should be no more loitering. But George looked back repeatedly as long as Lona's slender figure could be descried, a blue-robed form thrown into relief by a background of glowing maple-leaves, which the setting sun was turning into ruby and blood-red hues.

Rudolf also turned back once to wave a last courteous farewell, and as he did so his artist's eye was caught by the beautiful picture and by the expression of transcendent happiness transfiguring Lona's face, and making her hazel-brown eyes shine with an almost supernatural light.

"There must be something in love after all, to make these two children look so preposterously happy!" he thought, with a vague sense of envious wonder; and then went on to reflect that it was a pity he had not brought his pocket-Kodak with him to-day. He would greatly have liked to take a snapshot of Lona, just as he had last beheld her. It might have been labelled "Lovers' Parting," or "Golden Hours," or something of the sort.

Afterwards Count Rudolf Wilding had yet further cause to regret this missed opportunity of obtaining a lovely picture, for he was never again to see Lona's face with precisely that same expression upon it.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

"Obligatio ad Peccatum."

No fiction has been more frequently and more thoroughly exposed and at the same time none enjoys a more perennial vitality, than that which represents the Jesuit Rule as giving Superiors power to enjoin upon their subjects the commission of even mortal sin, when required for some important end. The sole foundation for this shocking charge is a blunder so gross that no one with any pretensions to scholarship should be in danger of falling into it: but unhappily even in such quarters this danger proves to be very real. A conspicuous instance at once suggests itself, which from several points of view is specially noteworthy.

Not many years ago¹ Mr. L. A. Burd published an elaborately annotated edition of Machiavelli's famous work *Il Principe*. This appeared under the ægis of the late Lord Acton, who contributed to it a copious and laborious Introduction, which opened with this declaration:

Mr. Burd has undertaken to redeem our long inferiority in Machiavellian studies, and it will, I think, be found that he has given us a more completely satisfactory account of *The Prince* than any country possessed before.

Here then we have a right to expect nothing but the very best work, satisfying all requirements of the newest criticism, and vouching for nothing which we may not confidently accept.

But² when he comes to the doctrine which best deserves to be styled "Machiavellian," Mr. Burd thus informs his readers:

Machiavelli's doctrine of end and means has often been brought into relation with the tenets of the Jesuits: in the Constitution (*sic*) of the Society of Jesus there is not *explicitly* anything to warrant the statement that the end justifies the means, but there is the admission that sin may be allowed for a special purpose. The article is as follows:

¹ In 1891.

² P. 307.

"Visum est nobis in Domino præter expressum Votum quo Societas Summo Pontifici pro tempore existenti tenetur, ac tria alia essentialia Paupertatis, Castitatis, et Obedientiæ, nullas Constitutiones, vel ordinem ullum vivendi, posse obligationem ad peccatum mortale vel veniale inducere, nisi Superior ea in Nomine Domini Jesu Christi, vel in virtute Sanctæ Obedientiæ juberet; quod in rebus, vel personis, illis in quibus judicabitur, quod ad particularem¹ uniuscujusque, vel ad universale bonum multum conveniet, fieri poterit: et loco timoris offensæ succedat amor omnis perfectionis et desiderium ut major gloria et laus Christi creatoris ac domini nostri consequatur.²

Mr. Burd unfortunately supplies no English version of this incriminated passage, but there can be no doubt that what he takes to be its sense is adequately represented by the following, in which the phrase upon which all turns is italicized.³

It has seemed good to us in the Lord that, saving the express vow by which the Society is bound to the Sovereign Pontiff for the time being, and the three other essential vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, no constitutions, declarations, or any rule of life, *shall bind to sin either mortal or venial*; unless the superior should enjoin the same in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, or in virtue of holy obedience: which may be done in regard of matters or persons as to which it appears highly conducive to individual or the general good: and let love and desire of all perfection take the place of fear of offending, that so greater praise and glory of Christ our Creator and Lord may result.

Mr. Burd—like so many others—comes to grief over the technical phrase "obligatio ad peccatum," that "idiomatic mantrap," as his friend Lord Acton himself once styled it.⁴ He assumes that it signifies "an obligation *to commit sin*," and upon this interpretation his whole case depends. Nothing, however, is more certain than that it was commonly used and universally understood as signifying something totally different, namely, "an obligation *under pain of sin*," or one which it is sinful to transgress. More than usually is this manifest in the passage under discussion. In a preamble omitted by Mr. Burd, it is explained, that while the Society of Jesus earnestly desires all its rules and ordinances to be most exactly observed, it does

¹ *Sic.* ap. Mr. Burd.

² *Constitutiones Soc. Jesu*, pars. vi. cap. 5.

³ So far as possible this version is that supplied by Mr. Lilly (*Claims of Christianity*, p. 177), when meeting the same charge as brought by the late John Addington Symonds in his *Catholic Reaction*. Mr. Lilly does not, however, translate the whole passage cited by Mr. Burd.

⁴ Lilly, *Claims of Christianity*, p. 176.

not wish the conscience of its members to be burdened by guilt incurred through non-observance. Therefore, whereas in various older Orders it was enacted that breach of rule was sinful, the Society preferred to adopt a different course, and as Mr. Lilly puts it:¹

Except the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, common to the Jesuits with all other religious orders, and the special vow of obedience to the Pope, peculiar to the Society, no rules or regulations—bylaws we may say—are of such a solemn nature that non-compliance with them would amount to a sin, save in those very special cases when the Superior formally commands compliance in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ or in virtue of holy obedience.

That the expression *Obligatio ad peccatum*, as we have seen it used, admits no other rational sense, is sufficiently clear from the passage itself in which it occurs. As Mr. Lilly well observes:²

One might surely have thought it too monstrous an absurdity to be seriously entertained by any intelligent man, that commands to commit sin could be given by any rational being “in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ”—of all names!—or “in virtue of *holy* obedience”—of all things!

And is it conceivable that were so revolting an ordinance ever contemplated, it should be thus cynically set down in print in face of all the world? Considerations such as these might surely suggest to the critical historian the need of making quite sure that he rightly understood the phrase on which he made so much depend, and common sense would bid him seek enlightenment in the Constitutions of the Society themselves. Had Mr. Burd adopted so obvious a course he would at once have encountered a passage calculated at least to give him pause. The candidate for admission to the Order, we are told, is to be carefully examined as to his fitness for such a vocation, and especially as to his freedom from certain impediments which are considered fundamental, and would absolutely bar his admission. He is to be warned that in so grave a matter falsehood on his part would be sinful: “*Obligatio vera dicendi ad peccatum esse debet.*”³ Would Mr. Burd translate this—“The obligation of speaking the truth should be one to commit sin”?⁴

¹ Op. and loc. cit. ² P. 179. ³ *Examen Generale*: Declarat. in cap. iii. A.

⁴ It may be added that in the original Spanish from which the official Latin version is closely rendered the phrase runs “. . . que ningunas Constituciones . . . puedan obligar á pecado mortal ni venial.” Spanish scholars will judge whether this phrase could possibly be misunderstood.

But it is needless to argue the matter, for the preposterous character of this misinterpretation has long been recognized by writers whose authority will not be questioned, and whom none will suspect of undue partiality for Jesuits.

Dr. Döllinger, for instance, thus speaks of this same charge against the Jesuit Constitutions as made by Von Lang, who was one of its earliest originators :

In the Constitutions of the Order, and in the passage cited therefrom by Herr Lang, there is not a syllable concerning injunctions to commit sin, but rather just the reverse ; and the whole charge is grounded on the most ludicrous blunder into which a writer ever fell.¹

To the same effect testify many Protestants, as Kern, Fischer, Herzog, Niedner, Ellendorf, Von Reuchlin, Steitz, and others.² It will be sufficient to cite two examples.

In his *Text-book of Church History* Gieseler writes thus concerning our matter :

This passage [of the Constitutions] has been much misinterpreted. *Obligatio ad peccatum* signifies in monkish Latin, not an obligation to commit sin, but an obligation under pain of sin,—*obligatio sub poena peccati*, i.e., such that non-compliance is deemed sinful.

In like manner the Evangelische Bund itself, the Protestant Alliance of Germany, thus frankly acknowledges that this particular accusation against the Jesuits is baseless, and its repetition inexcusable.

The "Obligation to sin" has been thoroughly threshed out. It has long since and repeatedly been shown that *obligare ad peccatum* in the Jesuit rule does not mean "to bind to commit sin," but "to bind under pain of sin." It is deplorable ("recht traurig") that exploded Jesuit myths like this should still occasionally be dished up again,³

and, professedly criticizing Father Duhr's defence of the Society against similar slanders, the champion of the Bund finds nothing wherewith to charge him in the present instance, except that he might easily have made his vindication fuller and more convincing.

In our own country the erroneous interpretation of the words was originally adopted, and on fuller information abandoned

¹ *Eos* (1829), p. 358 ; quoted by Duhr, *Jesuiten-Fabeln*, Fourth Edition, p. 518.

² Cf. Duhr, *Jesuiten-Fabeln*, c. 17, and the correspondence of Bishop Ketteler of Mainz with Herr Von Starck, Hessian Minister of the Interior, published in 1874, under the title *Kann ein Jesuit von Seinem Oberen zu einer Sünde verpflichtet werden?*

³ *Anti-Duhr*, p. 13 (1895).

both by Mr. J. A. Symonds, and the late Professor S. R. Gardiner, who was at pains to correct the wrong impression which might be caused to readers of his *Student's History of England*. In Germany a less generous retraction was extracted from the renowned Leopold von Ranke—who sought an excuse in the plea that the phrase he had mis-translated is ambiguous and misleading. But there can be no ambiguity for such as take the obvious precaution of ascertaining how the phrase was understood by those who used it—and it is because Von Ranke failed to provide himself with this needful information that, in the words of Father Bridgett,¹ “he has been punished by falling into a blunder which makes him childish and ridiculous.” Nor could there be the slightest difficulty about obtaining such information. It is perfectly manifest that so long as “monkish,” or “mediæval,” or “scholastic” Latin was the living language of literary Christendom, as it was when the Jesuit Constitutions were formulated, the phrase *Obligatio ad peccatum* was in constant use, and was universally understood in the sense which has been shown. It was used by the legislators of other Orders centuries before Ignatius of Loyola—as for example by St. Francis² and St. Dominic,³ and by theologians such as St. Thomas of Aquin.⁴ In the sixteenth century itself the Humanist Erasmus writes: “Præcepta Dei obligant ad pœnam gehennæ,” and Father Lainez, the second General of the Society,⁵ “Inter præcepta Dei quædam ad peccatum mortale obligant,” which neither Mr. Burd, nor any other would find it easy to render in accordance with the sense he attributes to the words.

It is in fact only in comparatively recent times, and since the Latin of the schoolmen has become to many a strange tongue, that the charge under consideration has been heard of. It appears first to have been produced in 1792, by P. P. Wolff, in his history of the Jesuits, published at Lisbon through a firm bearing the significant name of Pombal, and after him in

¹ *Blunders and Forgeries*, p. 75.

² “In præmissis nemo obligetur ad culpam mortalem . . . non ullum ipsorum ad mortalem culpam volumus obligari.” *Reg. frat. et sor. de penitentia qui iidem tertiarii dicuntur*.

³ “Præcepta obligantia ad mortale peccatum.” *Const. Præd. c. 5*.

⁴ “In aliqua tamen Religione transgressio talis non obligat ad culpam neque mortalem neque venialem, sed solum ad pœnam taxatam sustinendam . . . ita nec in lege Ecclesiæ omnes ordinationes vel publica statuta obligant ad mortale.” *Quæst. quædam*, q. 186, a. 9.

⁵ *Disp. Trid. 32* (Lisbon, 1886).

1819 by Von Lang. It has since found in ill-informed quarters a favour which should not be extended to it by a distinguished representative of modern criticism.

And what, it must be asked, of Lord Acton? If, as we have heard, he recognized the preposterous character of the charge alleged, and spoke of an "idiomatic man-trap," how did he come so unreservedly to commend the work of a writer who floundered into the same, and to claim for him merit so exceptional? But this is not all: Lord Acton has himself apparently fallen into a pit exactly similar. In his Introduction he specially dwells on the great vogue obtained by Machiavellian ideas, notably by the principle that the end justifies the means, and on the unexpected quarters in which this finds an echo: "Bacon [he says] leads up to the familiar Jesuit *Cui licet finis, illi et media permissa sunt.*" This observation can only mean that the maxim in question originated with the Jesuits, and signifies that a bad deed becomes lawful if done for a good end. But can it have escaped the knowledge of so ripe a scholar, that in the first place the maxim was habitual in the schools ages before Jesuits were dreamt of, and in the second, that the horror frequently expressed regarding it is based on misinterpretation as gross as that we have been considering; its true sense, as carefully explained by all who used it, being merely that no end can be lawful unless there be lawful means for its attainment? On this point we need not dwell, as it has already been fully treated in our pages,¹ but the reflection once more forces itself upon our mind, that despite the progress of historical science and our improvement of historical methods, there are still certain subjects in regard of which it is widely held that no researches need be made, nor any texts verified, and that when examining the accusations made against such folk as Jesuits it is safe to proceed upon the simple rule that whatever is most injurious is most sure to be true.

J. G.

¹ *The End justifies the Means.* THE MONTH, December, 1901; republished in pamphlet form by the C.T.S.

Reviews.

I.—ETHIOPIA AND ITS HISTORY.¹

THE political interests which have led the Italian Government of late years to pay so much attention to north-east Africa have not been without beneficial results to the cause of scholarship. It has long been felt that the Christian traditions of the region bordering upon Upper Egypt were thoroughly worth investigating. Moreover, it was known that the material was abundant, and that hardly a beginning had as yet been made in the direction of rendering it generally accessible. Under these circumstances it would be difficult to exaggerate the satisfaction with which the announcement has been received that the distinguished Jesuit scholar, Padre Camillo Beccari, would take in hand an edition of the *Monumenta Æthiopica*—or to give the exact title of the volumes before us, *Rerum Æthiopicarum Scriptores Occidentales Inediti a sæculo XVI. ad XIX.*—in other words, of all the hitherto unprinted western writers who have left us descriptions of Abyssinia and its customs during the past four centuries. No time has been wasted in setting to work, and two very handsome volumes have already been issued. The first, which is general and introductory in its character, has already been noticed in these columns. The second, which contains nearly seven hundred closely-printed pages, is the subject of the present notice, and it presents such a large amount of matter of the most varied interest, more particularly to liturgiologists, that we hope some day, if other occupations allow, to present our readers with a separate article on the subject. The volume is entirely occupied with the first two books of the "History of Ethiopia," written in Portuguese by the Jesuit Father, Peter Pæz. The third and fourth books of the same History completing the work will form the third volume of this series, which we are glad to hear is already at press. Father Peter Pæz was born at Olmeda, in the diocese of Toledo, in 1564; he was sent with other young Jesuit scholastics to complete his studies at Goa, and thence, immediately after

¹ *Rerum Æthiopicarum Scriptores Occidentales Inediti a sæculo XVI. ad XIX.* curante C. Beccari, S.J. Vol. II. P. Pæz, S.J. *Historia Æthiopiæ.* Liber I. et II. Romæ: Typ. C. de Luigi, 1905.

his ordination in 1589, he was despatched with another missionary to Ethiopia, at the instance of the King of Portugal. They endured seven years' captivity in Arabia, and after many changes of plan and unheard-of difficulties, it was not until 1604 that Paez succeeded in reaching the land in which he was to spend the rest of his laborious life. He died in 1622, held in the deepest veneration by all, alike for his apostolic devotion and for his profound acquaintance with the antiquities and customs of the country. His history, as a very short examination will suffice to convince the reader, is far from being a dry and jejune chronicle of battles and revolutions. Father Paez was a scholar to his finger tips, and he possessed all those antiquarian instincts which render the work of a man so exceptionally favoured as he was with opportunities for observation, incomparably valuable to those who come after. It is perhaps unfortunate that he wrote in Portuguese, but Father Beccari has rendered substantial assistance to those who may find any difficulty in interpreting the text, by providing a series of Latin side-notes, which practically amount to a summary of the whole contents. In conclusion, we can only offer our hearty congratulations to the learned editor upon the admirable manner in which his book has been printed and produced.

2.—PROFESSOR BURY ON ST. PATRICK.¹

The *Life of St. Patrick* which has recently been published by the Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge has been dealt with at some length elsewhere in our present issue. Under these circumstances if we mention the book again here it is only to say that our own impression of the views expounded by Professor Bury is somewhat more favourable than that of the writer of the article in question. We are, for instance, distinctly inclined to accept the suggestion of Monmouth or Glamorganshire as St. Patrick's most probable birthplace. This view, it may be noted, together with the recognition of Beneventa as the underlying element of the mysterious Benevem Taberniae, had been previously advocated by Dr. Sylvester Malone, and though we should be very sorry to associate ourselves with the processes by which Dr. Malone has arrived at his conclusions, we are prepared to believe that there may be something worth considering in his reference to the Burrium (Usk?) of the Antonine itinerary. Again we agree with Dr. Bury in his

¹ *The Life of St. Patrick.* By J. B. Bury, M.A., &c., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. London: Macmillan, 1905.

recognition of the neighbourhood of Croagh Patrick in Mayo as the scene of the captivity. No other theory seems to us to meet so well the many perplexing difficulties with which the subject is beset. But of course the great service which Dr. Bury has rendered is the temperate but uncompromising criticism to which he has subjected the specious theories of Professor Zimmer. We confess that we rejoice greatly that the answer to Zimmer should have come from such a quarter. Any Catholic writer, however competent, who had challenged the *ipse dixit* of the famous Celtic scholar, would almost certainly have been suspected of religious prejudice. Moreover, this is just one of those cases where even among historical students of the first order few take the trouble to test the evidence for themselves. The majority are commonly content to shelter themselves behind the reputation of a specialist who is supposed to have devoted particular attention to the subject. But now that this learned and important work has appeared, its criticisms cannot be ignored. Let us add that we are not quite so satisfied as Dr. Bury seems to be that Sen Patrick is a pure myth. The appearance of this name in the Calendar of Oengus is a fact of some importance. The author does not seem to be aware that Dr. Whitley Stokes, yielding to the arguments of Professors Thurneysen and Strachan, is now satisfied that Oengus must be assigned to a date considerably earlier than that which was previously accepted.

3.—BISHOP GORE ON ROMAN CATHOLIC CLAIMS.¹

The republication of Dr. Gore's *Roman Catholic Claims*, just at the time of his entry on the new Anglican See of Birmingham, has proved to be a blessing in disguise, for it has led to the publication of a reply by Dom Chapman, O.S.B., which is a most useful addition to our Catholic defence literature. Dom Chapman has succeeded in overcoming the most serious difficulty confronting writers who undertake such replies, for he has contrived to compress what he has to say within a hundred and twenty double-column pages of a convenient size, and yet has dealt with practically all the points in the book criticized. Dom Chapman goes through Dr. Gore's chapters and paragraphs, one after another, and examines them. Some of them have to do with the Bishop's strange theological conceptions, others with points of history, properly to discuss

¹ *Bishop Gore on Roman Catholic Claims.* By Dom John Chapman, O.S.B. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

which requires a scholar's instinct as well as considerable acquaintance with the details of Church history. But Dom Chapman is equal to all demands, and seldom allows his opponent's propositions to pass unscathed out of his hands. He writes, too, with moderation and friendliness, and with a cordial appreciation of Dr. Gore's rectitude of intention and great merits—though it is just here that we find the one feature in the book which we should have preferred to see excised. Would it not have been better to deflect less frequently from the impersonal handling of the subjects, and to avoid such back-handers as "I write rather as a friend answering—unsolicited—the difficulties which you have encountered—I am afraid I must say, the difficulties you have sought out." "I wish to emphasize agreement, not differences. We serve one Master. You serve Him in your way, we serve Him in His way." Doubtless such phrases are meant as friendly chaff, but they are apt to be taken seriously and to be resented.

One cannot do more than illustrate, from an instance or two, the character of a work which contains so much matter. But we may call attention to the chapter on the Unity of the Church, and to that on the Growth of the Roman Church.

Nothing is more certain about the nature of the Church than that by the law of its Divine institution it was to be One; and if this unity is to be understood in the obvious sense—in which one speaks, for instance, of the United States as one Republic, but of the States of South America as several—there is no escape from the conclusion that the true Church is the Church in communion with the See of Rome, or else has ceased to exist. Dr. Gore feels this and acknowledges it, but takes up the position that the Church is not One in that obvious sense.

Primarily [he says], the Church is the Spirit-bearing body, and what makes her one—in heaven, and paradise, and earth—is not an outward but an inward fact—the indwelling of the Spirit—which brings with it the indwelling of Christ, and makes the Church the great Christ-bearer, the Body of Christ.

Nor will any one deny that there is this internal unity which binds together all faithful souls whatever may be their external differences of creed. But what is in question is the nature of the external unity which causes the visible Church to be one visible body, and to this demand Dr. Gore's only reply is that the unity above described "is external as well as internal," because "the inward depends on external means." We cannot

have this internal life save through the external channels of the sacraments, and these

depending, as we all acknowledge they do, on the Apostolic ministry, connect the inward life of the Church at once with her outward organization . . . [since] it is only through this visible organization that God has covenanted to give us this invisible life.

This is all that Dr. Gore has to tell us about Church unity, and Dom Chapman is quick to discern through the maze of high-sounding words in which it is wrapped up, that it tells us, in reality, nothing whatever.

We were led to expect something about visible unity, but not a word is forthcoming. We are told, indeed, that invisible unity depends on an outward organization, but it does not appear that this outward organization need have any unity of its own besides the transcendental unity which invisibly binds its individual members to Christ. And in fact we know that Dr. Gore does not believe that unity in the external organization is necessary . . . [yet] a visible Church, which is visibly divided, is rather to be spoken of as several visible Churches . . . [and] he cannot logically use the singular number when speaking of the Church on earth.

Having thus laid bare the true character of Dr. Gore's theory of Church organization as contrasted with ours, Dom Chapman goes on to show by reference to their writings that the former is absolutely without support from the Fathers, who on "no doctrine are more insistent or more full than the question of visible unity," and with one consent lay down the character of this unity as three-fold: Unity of Faith, Unity of Communion, and Unity of Government. Each of these bonds, they teach—the symbolical, the liturgical, and the hierarchical—is indispensable to the visible Church on earth. Thus, St. Cyprian, a writer who is so often cited as one who would have approved of the Anglican position, says, "the Church, which is one and Catholic, is not severed and divided, but is indeed joined together and connected by the glue of Bishops adhering to one another." Are the Anglicans and the Catholics of Birmingham thus connected together by the glue of their two Bishops adhering to each other?

The question to which Dom Chapman gives the largest number of his pages is that of Papal Supremacy. This was necessary, as it is the root objection for Anglicans, and to meet all their difficulties in regard to it required a good deal of careful discussion of historical points. There are two broad facts which it is impossible to miss in the Patristic references to

this question, one that there is so much acknowledgment of Papal Supremacy expressed or implied, the other that there is so much also which may be taken not indeed as expressing, but as implying rejection of it, or—perhaps one should rather say—as implying ignorance of the existence of such a claim. It is with these two apparently conflicting facts that the students on either side have to deal. Dr. Gore's solution is that the Papacy is "a natural development of circumstances, and it is in the fashioning of circumstances that we look for the hands of Providence." This, however, does not tell us much, especially if we take it in connection with his belief that in later times the Papacy became more noxious than useful, and that even during the period of its early development he has usually nothing but complaint against those who by their words and deeds furthered the development. Dom Chapman also very rightly allows that there has been development in the acceptance and exercise of Papal power, and in the realization of the full extent of its significance. It is this factor which sufficiently explains the second of the two broad facts; for given development, it was to be expected that in its earlier stages we should find even good men failing to perceive, or even resisting, claims which at a later stage were generally recognized to be truly contained in the original charter of institution. Nor is this law of development at all inconsistent with the institution by our Lord of the power itself, indeed, it is quite according to nature that it should have been so. If the Church was to be planted like a seed in the soil of the world, and by gradual stages to develop her organization, it was to be expected that Papal jurisdiction should develop *pari passu* with the other elements in this organization. And when we take account of these exigencies, the wonder is, as Dom Chapman points out, not that there should be so little, but that there should be so much, assertion and acceptance of the Supremacy in the very earliest periods of Church history. From the first we find the Church of Rome taking its place as the centre of Church life, and being credited with a special gift of faith, and under the stress of the eventful controversies of the fourth and fifth centuries, then this assertion of Supremacy and its acceptance become most conspicuous. On the other hand it is very noticeable that those who resist the Papal decisions during these early centuries never disown the authority itself, but on the contrary show themselves in the first instance ever most anxious to obtain its support, and oppose it only when they find that it is employed against them.

These are the positions which Dom Chapman establishes in his sixth and seventh chapters, in which his treatment of the involved history appertaining to the period between the Councils of Nicæa and Sardis is particularly noticeable, as better done than it has ever been done before.

We have few criticisms to make but may offer a suggestion or two. On page 46 Dom Chapman concedes to his opponent that in Galat. ii. 9 the order in which the names are mentioned fails to give Peter the precedence accorded to him everywhere else. But may it not be that we should read them "James, and Cephas and John," just as we might say, "I saw the Duke of Connaught, and the Prince and Princess of Wales"? On page 75 is it not better to say that there was no question of according a new right, but of instituting a new procedure, just as an English Bishop in Synod might draw up some canonical arrangement including a right of appeal to the Holy See under certain circumstances, the understanding being that this arrangement was to hold conditionally on the Pope's acceptance? On page 98, in estimating the position of St. Meletius, is it not desirable to lay more stress on the fact that according to the procedure of those days the Pope made no claim to appoint Eastern Bishops, but was prepared to recognize those duly appointed in their own provinces? The difficulty in the Meletius case was for Rome to decide amidst the contradictory reports reaching her, which of the competitors had been duly appointed; and it is intelligible that St. Meletius should have maintained that St. Damasus had been misinformed as to the facts of his appointment, and that of his competitor, and that hence the sanction given by the latter to Paulinus was not to be considered as constituting a definitive breach of communion between himself and the Roman See.

4.—IVORIES.¹

Though carving in bone and ivory is one of the most ancient of arts, separate collections of ivories and special hand-books on the subject are modern, whilst the cult of pictures, of sculpture, of architecture, is of comparatively long standing. Yet the special beauty of ivory as a material, and the exquisite works wrought in it, both ancient and modern, western and oriental, which are now familiar to lovers of the beautiful, are sure to make ivory-carving more and more popular with that rapidly

¹ *Ivories*. By Alfred Maskell, F.S.A., *The Connoisseur's Library*. London: Methuen, 1905. 87 plates. 25s. net.

growing class, the connoisseurs in art; and Mr. Maskell's noble work will, we may be sure, be long held in esteem by them, for the clearness of his descriptions, the large field which he covers, and the beauty of his plates.

Beginning with the Prehistoric Ivories, one cannot but be struck by the Thaugen engraved sketch of a reindeer on reindeer horn (Plate II.)

It portrays in a remarkably truthful manner and with extraordinary spirit a reindeer browsing—even a pool with grass growing at the edges and with reflections in the water are represented.

One might be tempted to doubt its antiquity, so excellent is the work. But reindeer have not been seen in Switzerland in historic times, antiquarians accept the genuineness of the specimen, and there are other prehistoric scratchings figured, which though inferior, reproduce one or two of the best characteristics of this real work of art. These carvings prove that prehistoric man was not always as coarse and brutalized as has been imagined.

Chapter VIII., on "Religious art of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Centuries," is perhaps the most charming of all; the specimens reproduced are admirable. The statuettes of the Madonna are perfectly delightful, and are described with the appreciative enthusiasm of a true "connoisseur." The diptychs and triptychs again are admirable, as also the crucifixes, especially those of Downside (Plate LIII.), Oscott, and St. James's, Spanish Place (Plate LIV.). But why doubt their Spanish *provenance*? Our author passes over their similarity to Spanish painted wooden crucifixes, and also the fact that so many of these objects have come from Spain and Portugal.

Amid such an *embaras de richesses* it is hard indeed to make selections. The chapters on Byzantine work and on croziers have interested us much. Eastern work (even Japanese) and modern work (even French) seem by comparison at least born of commonplace ideas, or are over elaborated and unconvincing, in spite of their brilliant cleverness.

The system of references to plates is cumbersome and occasionally faulty,¹ and the figures themselves are sometimes too small. The British Museum plaques, reproduced in Plate XII., do not come out so well as they do in the admirable *Handbook of Christian Art*, issued by the Museum, and the date there assigned to them seems on the whole preferable to Mr. Maskell's. These, however, are but trifles in a work the sustained merit of which deserves very high praise.

¹ Compare Plate XII., 2, with the reference on p. 418.

5.—GLENANAAR.¹

Canon Sheehan, as he is now to be called, returns in *Glenanaar* to the class of subject which, in our opinion, best suits him—connected stories of Irish life. *Glenanaar* is simpler in its scope and plan than *Luke Delmege*, or even than *My New Curate*, but it equals, and more than equals them in quality. For it is a really charming story, told throughout with perfect spontaneity, in which the portraiture of Irish thought and feeling is true to the life, in which every character stands out definite and living, and the conversations are always real, and yet always marked by pathos, humour, or pungency; in which too there are several descriptive passages quite remarkable for their force and power. Nor, on the other hand, are there any very appreciable faults to set off against these merits. Of course this is high praise to give, but Canon Sheehan's readers are not likely to find it exaggerated.

We have called the story charming, and so it is, but it is at the same time sad. The leading idea which the author has set himself to portray, to explain, and to expose, is the intensely vindictive feeling towards informers, which seems to come so naturally to many of his fellow-countrymen, or at all events did in the past, and which can urge them, in spite of their deep sense of religion and tenderness of heart, to retaliate with the utmost cruelty, not merely on the offenders themselves, but also on the innocent children of the latter, nay even on their children's children. The story finds its roots in the history of the famous Doneraile conspiracy, and the consequent trials of the autumn of 1829, in which O'Connell defended the prisoners so brilliantly. Some agrarian murders had been committed, and the Crown prosecutors, as it was generally thought, showed themselves more anxious that there should be some exemplary punishments, than solicitous that the punishments should fall on the right heads. The convictions too were obtained by that peculiarly hateful kind of testimony, the testimony of paid informers. Canon Sheehan assigns to one of the historical characters of these trials, Edmond Connors, a principal part in his story. He sets him before us as about the last sort of person to be guilty of murder, a fine, honest, hard-working, noble-hearted, and conscientious farmer, whose whole life had been such as to gain for him the respect of his neighbours. One night, just after his delivery from a first

¹ *Glenanaar*. A Story of Irish Life. By the Very Rev. Canon Sheehan, D.D. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

trial when the jury disagreed, he meets a wild, half-witted woman with a baby, in a lonely place, on the point of destroying her own life and that of her infant. He tries tenderly to dissuade her from such an act of madness.

"I wish 'twas thrue for you, Edmond Connors," she said. "I wish to God to-night that I was mad out intirely; and thin I could do what I was goin' to do, whin God or the devil sint you across my path."

"I don't know what you mane," said the old man, now very anxious, "but if you wor thinkin' of doin' any harrum to yerself or yer child, may God and His Blessed and Holy Mother prevint you. Sure, that's the last of all."

"Wouldn't it be betther for me to be dead and buried," she said, somewhat more calmly, "than be harried from house to house, and from parish to parish, as I am, wid every dure slammed in me face, and a curse follyin' me on me road?"

"That's quare," said the old man, "sure, haven't you the ring on your marriage finger as well as the best of them."

"I have so," she said. "More bad luck and misfortune 'tis to me. 'Tis I'd be the happy 'uman if I could brake that ring, and put the pieces where they couldn't be found."

"An' I suppose 'twas God sint you this cowl, dark night, to save me sowl from hell; for, Edmond Connors, the murder I said wos on your sowl, and 'twas a lie, was very near bein' on my own."

"Now, me poor 'uman," he said, "you're back in yer sinses agen. Sure, I know well how hardship and distress dhrive people out of their mind sometimes. But it may come on ye agen; and remimber this is a Christian counthry, where any wan would be glad to take from ye that purty, weeshy little crachure in yer arms, and save it from the cowl river. Here, now, take these few shillings, and buy somethin' warm for yourself, for ye need it; and keep God and His Blessed Mother ever afore yer sight."

The woman takes him at his word. On Christmas night, when the Connors' family are together keeping the feast, the babe is found in their byre.

There is nothing to indicate whose it is, and Connors, who recognizes it at once, sees the need of keeping secret what he knew. Shall it be kept, or what shall be done with it? The wife is for sending it on to the priest that it may be disposed of according to his discretion. But it is Christmas night, and

"I suppose," said the old man, "that if that poor 'uman and her husband (God forgive me for speaking of the Blessed Vargin and holy St. Joseph in that way) kem to the dure with their little Child a few nights after, and asked Bess Connors to take the baby from them for a while, Bess Connors would say: 'Next dure, hones' 'uman.'"

There was no resisting such an appeal as this, and the *vanithee* consents, though reluctantly, to the child being adopted. It is named Nodlag (*i.e.*, Christmas) in memory of the day of its finding. As Nodlag grows up she becomes the darling of all, but a dark cloud hangs over her life's course. She is the daughter of Cloomper Daly, the chief informer, and, if it were whispered abroad that Daly's child was harboured, clothed, fed, at Edmond Connors' house, their lives would not be worth an hour's purchase. There were a hundred ruffians in a circuit of five miles who would make a holocaust of the whole house and family.

These are the lines on which the story runs; and touching and tragic, and yet also tender and true, are the series of events under which the foundling's destiny, and that of her child, are worked out, and the gradual triumph exhibited of human feeling and Christian charity over deep-rooted animosities and prejudices. For here, as in his previous novels, Dr. Sheehan writes with a purpose—a purpose worthy of his sacred calling—and one which we may define as two-fold: to enable the not-unfriendly outside critics of his fellow-countrymen to realize by what an intelligible sequence of feelings a section of the latter have been brought to cherish such bitter animosities against the seed of the informer, and to enable his fellow-countrymen themselves to realize better the cruel and gratuitous injustice into which the cherishing of such animosities can lead.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

WE are authorized to state that the literary executors of the late Cardinal Newman have entrusted to Mr. Wilfrid Ward the task of writing the Cardinal's Biography.

Van Bree's Second Mass. Abridged, Revised and Arranged for Four Mixed Voices. By R. R. Terry (Cary and Co., Oxford Circus Avenue, W.) *Mass of the Holy Rosary.* By Alphonse Cary (Same Publishers.)—Important changes are being effected in the music in our churches in obedience to a recent rescript of the Pope. The attention of church musicians has been redirected to the Plain Chant and to the school of purely vocal music of which Palestrina is the greatest master. Modern music is not indeed forbidden; but strict limitations are placed upon the contemporary church composer. The development of the orchestra is the most remarkable feature in the history

of modern music, and orchestras are practically prohibited in our churches. Again, long solos are disapproved. The church composer must keep his emotional nature in check; he is reminded that music is but an accompaniment of divine worship, and therefore that it must not be obtrusive. He must in short work under strict limitations; and it will be interesting to see whether a musical masterpiece can be produced in such conditions. At present our church writers seem content to borrow their inspiration from the past; perhaps because it is still further to seek in themselves; perhaps because they have not yet learnt to keep their genius within the prescribed bounds. Meanwhile the enterprising firm of Cary and Co. are issuing a set of easy, unambitious Masses written in strict conformity with ecclesiastical decrees. The "edited" work under notice has been well known in its original form for many years. As Mr. Terry says, it is not a masterpiece, and no one will object to its having been remodelled. Mr. Terry has indeed done his work well, and such merit as the work possessed—and it has the merit of brightness—is preserved. It will probably be popular, and in its present form will escape censure. Mr. Cary's Mass, which is also orthodox in form, shows some promise, if it is a first or an early work, and may be safely recommended.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

ZEITSCHRIFT F. K. THEOLOGIE (1905, III.)

Luther and Truthfulness. *H. Grisar.* The Eschatology of Otto of Freising. *J. Schmidlin.* A Study of Ulrich of Strasburg. *M. Grabmann.* The Epistle to the Hebrews. *H. J. Cladder.* Reviews, &c.

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (1905, III.)

Unprinted Fragments of the Gallican Antiphonary. *G. Morin.* The Testimony of John the Presbyter to St. Mark and St. Luke. *J. Chapman.* General Chapters of the Order of St. Benedict. *U. Berlière.* Siena and Cardinal Carafa. *R. Ancel.* Christian Inscriptions. *H. Leclercq.* Reviews, &c.

RASSEGNA GREGORIANA (July, August, 1905.)

The Restoration of Gregorian Melodies. *P. Cagin.* The Proclamation of Easter at Aquileja. *E. Vale.* Time Measurement in Gregorian Chant. *R. Baralli.* Reviews, &c.

